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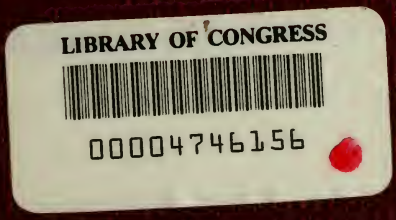

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# WAYMARKS

OR

# SOLA IN EUROPE

BY

JOSEPHINE TYLER

FIRST OUTLAW—"Whence came you?"
THIRD OUTLAW—"Have you long sojourned there?"
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*

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CHICAGO NEW YORK WASHINGTON

1885

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# NOTE.

Most of these chapters were published in the *Baltimore Baptist* over the signature of *Sola.* They are a truthful narrative of the way a lady travelled in Europe without a guide, and with little reference to guide-books. The following, among other kind testimonials, was received: "Just hand 'Sola' a bunch of evergreen for me, as a loving appreciation of the rich, beautiful, and varied literary bouquet, so sweetly perfumed with rare rhetorical flowers from foreign gardens, and so classically handed to us. Some can see, but can't tell; she can do both."

# WAYMARKS.

## CHAPTER I.

### BEING HIGHWATER MARKS.

EVERYTHING was planned so nicely! Mrs. R. would accompany me to Liverpool, when it would be easy to take a train for London, from the Lime Street Station. At London, I should find the American Exchange, arranged on purpose to solve for the inexperienced all problems of travelling and transportation. From England, it must be a very simple thing to go to Montreux, Switzerland, with a tourist's ticket. Once at Montreux, and the friend Mlle. Z. would arrange all for a tour with herself to the Rigi, or some other mountain, where we could rest together, or pursue such avocations as might befit our several tastes. I would not distract her attention from her artist tasks. She should copy the wild flowers of the Alps at "her own sweet will." Nor should I need to waste my energies in schooling my plans to suit her every mood. In short, we were to be sympathetically independent—a most delightful, but too rare position for friends, whose mutual tyrannies are sometimes more wearing and oppressive than the wrongs their enemies attempt.

Besides Mlle. Z., there were other friends on the Continent, to whom I was to be introduced by letter.

My preparations were unusually complete. My steamship ticket was carefully put away in my purse, days before starting. My travelling suit compared throughout, even to the new gloves of olive green, which I had tested prudently, by trying one of them on at the store, and then again at home. There was a little agitation of mind when the expressman came a moment too soon for the baggage, and I had to search out the name of the man to whom it was to be entrusted at the pier. His name was written on the back of my ticket, which had to be brought out and unfolded. At last my friends and I stood at the door ready for a start. I was just about to draw on the gloves, when they proved to be both for one hand. Yes, it was of no use turning and twisting them about. But we should pass Lord & Taylor's on our way to the

ship, and I could stop in for another pair. It did not prove to be easy to find the right shade, however, and I had to take up with a pair which did not quite agree with my suit. What a small affair to write about. But then there is a sense in which no affairs are small. Nor did my glove experience disprove this idea. Not long after we were well out at sea, they disappeared mysteriously. We struck a cold current of air, and for days I had chilled, pinched hands whenever I was on deck, unless I hid them under my wrappings. Had some one kindly restored them to their owner, how much would have been added to her enjoyment of the sea. To her henceforth green gloves will suggest the significance of trifles.

But then to find when far out at sea that you have no ticket to present to the steward, when one is demanded, does not even seem trifling. You go to the purser to explain that you must have left it at home among your papers, or have cast it into the fire with those from your waste basket. Somehow you feel like a stow-away just brought up from between decks, and, if you are a woman, you probably cannot get through your explanation without tears in your eyes, of which you are ashamed, of course.

As you walk to and fro on deck, after leaving all signs of land behind, you recollect that you are at last in that sublime situation of which you have long had bright dreams—afar on the boundless sea—"the blue, the fresh, the evergreen!"

But what means this languor of brain, which prevents all ecstasy? "Take my advice," said a gentleman experienced in travelling on the ocean, "do not try much mental exertion now. The brain calls for rest when it refuses to work hard at sea."

So it came about that I did not study "Richardson on Alcohol" very closely, though I found that topic quite pertinent to the scenes I saw about me daily. But I recalled the letters which had poured in on me at starting, with their sweet assurances that I should be prayerfully remembered during my absence. I watered the fragrant flowers given me by Mrs. Josephine Braman, accompanied with her lovely parting poem,

THE SONG OF THE HELIOTROPE.

A kindly heart hath summoned me to be
The fragrant messenger of thought's intent,
And bids my petals shall express to thee
Her earnest wish in language eloquent.

Each wafting leaf bespeaks a sweet "good-bye,"
Each blossom breathes a hearty "safe return,"
Each tint so delicate betokens nigh,
The blessings for which truest friendships yearn.

Make me thy guest, and in companions' stead,
I'll bear my little part in woe or weal;
Glad in thy joy to lift my perfumed head,
Or droop in sympathy if sadness steal.

Let us not part, for when sweet thoughts arise
Of all the loved and waiting ones at home,
Through me the Father's smiles shall bless thine eyes,
And prove His care wherever thou dost roam.

On peaceful lake, or by the mountain's side,
As silent witness of thy hopes I'd be,
And when thy journey's ended, still abide,
To tint the pages of thy memory.

Dr. N. K. Bennett had written farewell words which, however, had not yet reached me, but came later over the sea. Some of them ran thus :

O hand of God ! O gift of peace
And promise to my soul !
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the swell of smiting seas—
The ship's convulsive roll ;
I own with love and tender awe,
The perfect reign of faith and law.

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,
My soul is filled with light ;
The ocean sings his solemn psalms,
The wild winds chant : I cross my palms,
Happy as if to-night,
Under the cottage roof, again
I hear the soothing summer rain.

The time seemed peculiarly calculated for reminiscences in which faces long parted rose to the mind's eye. We all took rather naturally to the iceberg which appeared in view : and the whales that were reported alongside produced but little excitement on board. We had few surprises of any kind. One of these I afforded to Mrs. R., by absenting myself one evening in order to attend a preaching service in the steerage, where I heard a good sermon from an earnest " fisher of men," named Whiteside. The narrow, crowded benches were rather uncomfortable, but the audience was very attentive, and the hymns were heartily sung. I especially enjoyed the one beginning, " When all Thy mercies, O my God ! "

For several days the weather was very calm, but there came a day when the " watery waste " was agitated into hills and valleys, where patches of foam shone like snow on a wintry landscape. And these hills and valleys were rocking and upheaving like the fields of Ischia throbbing with volcanic energy. Then came something of enthusiasm, as the finger of Revelation pointed to the great object-lesson before the traveller's eye, saying : " The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." But enthusiasm is not at our command. Sublime experiences are like the glory of the heavenly spheres. We may gain counterfeit representations of these spheres by enkindling sparks, when the heavens are veiled, or we may hide

from the stars when they come forth; but we cannot make them obey us. So of these experiences. We may so surround our hearts with vanities as to render them rare; or we may come into such situations voluntarily, as shall render them probable. But we cannot control them. Could men buy poetic moods, how soon would there be a monopoly of ecstatic thought! But let us rejoice that heaven has gifts of idea, too precious to be the products of our lowly wills. The riches of a kingdom cannot purchase for it one *national* ode. The songs of nations—those favorite ones in which they love to voice their patriotism, flash through the souls of their poets like beams from opening heavens, surprising as they fall.

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## CHAPTER II.

### BEING PARTLY CHALK MARKS.

THESE chalk marks were made on our baggage at the Custom House in Liverpool after the sea was safely passed. It was strange how glad we were to get them, and what a sense of relief they gave, after our long waiting among the crowd. While nearing Britain I had watched the clouds one day, fancying I could see colossal figures of birds, beasts, and men in the sky, with British lions posing among them. We had seen a headland off the coast of Wales close at hand—Wales, land of long names, land of hoary harpers, land of stern scenery and stiff principles, and thus fitted to be a land of eloquent preachers and brave martyrs. On Sunday night, July 1, we saw through rain and darkness, the lights of Queenstown, Ireland, as we stopped for a few hours in its harbor. Monday we cast anchor off the coast of England, and took the tug, which conveyed us past the fine suburbs and grand docks of Liverpool to our landing place in that substantial city. The lion was now no longer among the clouds, but was roaring from behind his constitutional bars. Our ship stood lonely in the offing, deserted by all except her seamen. The groups which had so often gathered on her decks were dispersing forever. The bride-elect of the bishop of one of the Sandwich Islands, with her friends, the party of "Vassar girls" who had inquired into navigation's mysteries during the voyage; the young learners in the school of gambling, whose sessions had been held in the smoking-room; the pretty children; the distinguished General and reserved advocate, were going their several ways. Even the four prairie-dogs, whereof one had proved by his quarrelsome disposition on shipboard that there is a difference in prairie-dog natures, had already disappeared. The bewildering matter of arranging pounds, shillings, and pence with cabmen and porters began in earnest. We spent a night at the Adelphi Hotel. Pleasant it was to sleep in an airy chamber, to

whose chintz-curtained bedstead, furnished with snowy English linen, a pretty maid, with a neat cap, brought in the morning a refreshing cup of tea. We took a late breakfast in a fine pillared hall, and went forth to wrestle with the European baggage system.

First. Took a cab for the Custom House, where a state-room trunk had been left by mistake; rode long through the busy streets in search of the *American Exchange*, which did not exist at that time in Liverpool; then returned to the Lime Street Station, where, after various officious porters had been shaken off, the state-room trunk was entrusted hastily to a baggage man, who said he would take it to the Exchange, which was only a short way off; result—it was never heard from again.

Secondly. Found that Mrs. R. had mistaken my largest trunk for a very extensive box belonging to a lady much grieved by the error. This had to be explained and a descent undertaken to the cellar of the baggage department in an elevator, in order to identify my own property.

Finally. We were glad to rest in a car of the Northwestern Railway, bound for London. We travelled through a pleasant and picturesque country. There were busy towns, with peaceful rural lands interspersed, where gardens and orchards, divided by hedgerows, surrounded flower-bordered cottages. The scenery reminded me of English poetry, much of which is calm, pure, and elevating in its character, fitted to beguile eventide hours in the homes that border the lanes of England, when village chimes have sounded twilight refrains, and larks are hovering their little ones on green boughs that overhang the meadows. And, by the way, I caught a clear bird song, once during that journey to London.

We stopped at Rugby for just a few moments, but thought more of lunch than the associations connected with its name. We did not stop to talk of Dr. Arnold, or to solve the question whether his son Matthew is a constructionist, or rather a critic of other men's fabrics of idea; whether his mind is a guiding lamp, shedding safe beams from the advantageous elevation on which his birth placed him, or if it is more like a file which reduces the quantity of what was thought to be of solid value in the works of other minds and leaves a surprising amount of filings for the wind to scatter. We did not talk this matter over at all, and probably should not have known just what to say about it, if we had.

It is strange how the anxieties over the comforts of the hour, the details of the way, and especially the baggage, will often engross the mind of the new traveller so as to prevent the appreciation of lovely scenes and rich associations; though, of course, this does not prevent their coming with the retrospect. The wear and worry over baggage might be called *baggagia*. It is a malady from which I have suffered much, though my conscience is clear of having inflicted it on others while in Europe. It was quite comical, as well as serious, to watch some delicate ladies travelling for rest and

health, who carried about an amount of weight in luggage from which they would have recoiled if it were in any other shape. It must be pulled past fellow-passengers, and thrust on to car seats, or lifted at arm's length into the racks overhead. Of course in some places there are porters who will assist at a small price, and for this one needs a plenty of change handy. But there are also changes of place to be made suddenly, when no porter is at hand. Sometimes gentlemen will kindly volunteer their aid, but these beings, so courteous when at home, are usually well weighed down with their own luggage when travelling abroad. So a lady had best register all things possible. Even then she will find what she feels obliged to take with her very much like the ball and chain with which criminals are said to be sometimes fettered while at their tasks.

All this about baggage and not at London yet! But then baggage means a great deal sometimes, and usually far more than it need to. For we ought, in the first place, to leave it mostly stored away at home, or give it to those who need before we start on a journey.

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## CHAPTER III.

### INCLUDING SOME UPON THE SCULPTURED URN.

Mrs. R. left the train about forty miles short of London; so it was my lot to enter that greatest of all cities alone. Taking a cab, I called at Gillig's American Exchange, to make inquiries which resulted in a decision to ensconce myself in a boarding place near that very central position for sight-seeing—Charing Cross; or, as it was originally called, in honor of the resting place of the bier of a beloved Queen—"Chère Reine" Cross. The hostess was a kind, intelligent American lady, in love with her native land, its customs and people. She was just the person to befriend and counsel a stray traveller like her who so readily accepted the one small room she had to spare. This room was very high up among the chimney-tops, in a house whose gray walls were probably two hundred years old, and looked down on a portion of London somewhat remarkably associated with notable lives of the past. In the same street Charles Dickens had lived; close at hand was the Adelphi Hotel, with which he was familiar. In a street very near, Peter the Great had resided for a time, close beside the Thames that flows, as then, between its bushy banks, though "Men may come and men may go." Trafalgar Square was not far off; while a few steps would bring one to the brilliant Strand, where the cries of omnibus conductors rang out in most matter-of-fact tones, the magic words, "Piccadilly!" "The Bank! To the Bank!" etc.—just as though the Bank of England

and Piccadilly were most commonplace locations. They little knew the enchantment that distance and history had thrown around the most ordinary names of London streets to an American mind. Indeed the chimney-pots on which my high window looked, had a kind of classical appearance to my eyes, and it was something to have a London cat take the pains to steal in at the casement every time it was left wide open. London cats are fed on meat brought around expressly for them, fixed on skewers and sold by venders whose welcome cry is well understood by their dumb friends.

It is no disloyalty to republican institutions, I trust, to say that of all days in the year when I am at home, the Fourth of July is least desirable to me, because of the atrociously noisy manner in which it is observed in the United States. It seemed a choice way of celebrating this day, however, to visit Westminster Abbey, where the memory of all great achievements in human history should not be ranked out of place. It adds greatly to the interest of human life, as well as to the importance of each individual mind, that we see all the world's wonders differently, so that it is not presumptuous in any one to give their own peculiar impressions of objects which have drawn forth the eloquence of the most gifted souls from century to century. After a short morning visit to Hyde Park, I took an omnibus going to that famous corner of the city known as Whitehall, where many scenes in English royal life succeeded each other with most striking contrasts of light and shade in the days of Charles I. and Charles II., and later on in the days of many succeeding monarchs. I rode out near the Parliament Buildings, and passing the church of St. Margaret, entered Westminster Abbey at its main portal. There was a seat in the corner near the door which afforded an excellent place for rest and meditation, unbroken by the hushed footfalls that passed slowly up the pavement, rendered sacred by memorials of those who "made their lives sublime." A mountain top of life's pilgrim path seemed to afford here a solemn outlook on the past of human attainment, according to the traveller's limited power of vision. It was a point from which to reconnoitre the ways of human life, to take observations for the course beyond—a place for humble thoughts, and yet a place for aspiring hopes.

I soon found the statue of Wordsworth near the entrance at the right, and then passed on from name to name of the "illustrious dead." I sat down again, at length, beneath the bust of Dr. Isaac Watts, who is, however, buried in Bunhill Fields, and near the memorials of the brothers John and Charles Wesley. There I repeated to myself Dr. Watts' hymn endeared to me by very tender associations, as well as by its deep significance, beginning with the lines :

> "What sinners value I resign ;
> Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine,
> I shall behold Thy blissful face,
> And stand complete in righteousness."

The pavement of the Abbey is engraved with many names, among which one is startled at the words: "O rare Ben Jonson!" The name of Charles Darwin suggests some thoughts incongruous with the glorious allusions to immortality all around one there, such as that on a scroll in the hand of a life-sized statue of that monarch in the realm of music, Handel, composer of the oratorio of the Messiah—"I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

On the pavement, too, in letters one dreads to see effaced by the feet of crowds, is the name of Charles Dickens, interpreter of the great city's mysteries. How lately was he transferred from the busy scenes without this hallowed place, the tide of sympathy with humble and suffering humanity still vigorous in his strong, yet sensitive heart. The song of his spirit seems echoing among the lanes and corners of London, translating their motley tones into music often plaintive and touching, and sometimes merry, sometimes grand.

I do not recall the mention of any woman on the marble rolls of Westminster Abbey, because of the gifts of genius. Not even Mrs. Browning has a name in the "Poet's Corner," so that one scarcely feels impelled to cry, as did Madam de Staël to the Italians, "*O vous nation liberale! qui ne bannessez point les femmes de son temple.*" (O liberal nation! which banishes not women from its temple.) But, never mind! when the British people discover a female Shakespeare, it will be time to erect another Abbey, no doubt. Standing before his statue, whose hand grasps so appropriately his prophecy of the dissolution of the earth and all its structures, I considered the influence of Shakespeare's mind upon his fellow-creatures to the present time. It is strange what voices he has furnished for humanity, and what a void would be left if all he said were forgotten.

There is another poet, whom at first we should hardly think of calling great, but whose master-piece, quiet, simple and brief, seems now essential to the English tongue—especially amid the "long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults" of Westminster, where vainly does "Honor's voice" attempt to "provoke the silent dust;" while we honor all bards, from Chaucer down, we unconsciously pay to Gray the tribute of being the Poet of the place.

The military and naval heroes, whose ashes have memorials in the Abbey, usually seem much less noticed by visitors than are those who sang their deeds, or expressed the universal experiences of mankind. In the afternoon I attended in the Abbey a service of the English Church. There was much of form and ceremony observed, while solemn words were so painfully muttered as to be very indistinct; but there was some reading of Scripture in a becoming manner. I left the place knowing that for that time, my scrutiny of the memorials of Newton and Cobden, of Dryden and Pope and other great names had been superficial indeed; but glad that I had been permitted to gain even such slight glimpses of the treasures beneath its ancient towers of

beauty. Even there, to my mind, while for the first time in life, surrounded by architecture at once ancient, imposing, and powerfully historic, the power of man seemed small, and the scope of his empire limited indeed. There was enough there, it is true, to prove the value of noble striving, because of man's alliance with the Divine purposes, and because "things are not what they seem." But "the Kingdom, and the Power and the Glory" are "not unto us."

## CHAPTER IV.

COMPRISING CERTAIN OLD LANDMARKS ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES.

The multitude of imposing buildings, whose pillared porticoes and symmetrical sides are shaded like an India ink sketch, from pale gray almost to black, by the action of time under the smoky atmosphere of London, surprises the traveller from the western world, where time-darkened edifices of strength are few.

Stately ornate churches and monuments of universal interest look down on commonplace scenes, where crowds pass intent on every-day pursuits, without even a glance at what seems to us so rare. Much buying and selling goes on in St. Paul's Churchyard. I reminded a brush merchant there of the noble shadow in which he dwelt, when he at once inquired if I would not like to buy more of his brushes. But though the Londoners may seem unconscious of St. Paul's grandeur, they would be inconsolable were that wonderful pile to be destroyed. I first entered its precincts during an afternoon service. The music of the organ rose very sweetly toward the expansive dome. But why that rapid mumbling of solemn words, the utterance of which should be specially emphasized in such an appropriate place? I observed a punctilious attention to robes and ceremonies, while the truth from heaven was most indifferently expressed.

I wandered there for some time after the service was ended, viewing the statues and memorial tributes of the place, or gazing far upward to the apex of the dome. The sound of a workman's hammer was prolonged in rolling tones which resembled the noise of sea-waves when we listen on the shore, or the voice of winds among trees on mountain heights. The similarity of all these sounds led me anew to feel that nature's praise-tones agree not only with each other, but with the echoes heard in the sublimest structures of the hand of man. What a day that would be, when from a multitude filling the aisles and chapels of the great Cathedral, there should rise a song of praise, "like the sound of many waters," from those who should sing with the "spirit and with the understanding" to "Him which is and was and is to come!" Solemnly under the shadows and under the sunshine, while

thoughtless crowds go by, seeking rest and joy where it never can be found, the great Cathedral waits in all its suggestive nobleness and beauty for such a golden hour! But its empty spaces remind us of the sublime scope of the liturgy of the English Church, whose indistinct intonings are now often destitute of life and power. That this is so, is perhaps by none more regretted than by its devout members, who mourn the rise of formalism, against their most cherished convictions. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect of that church looking on Trafalgar Square, called St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and whose rector is still curiously called a "rural rector." And it is that quaint blending of past with present, of old customs and names with new ones, which makes much of London's attractiveness to travellers who see it for the first time. Just off some crowded thoroughfare, one will suddenly come into some quiet precinct, with its ivied church and ancient burial-ground that seems appropriate to a country village rather than to the world's most crowded city. As we tread our way from point to point renowned in history, we are interested in reading familiar names at the entrances both of imposing streets and lanes of insignificant aspect. We do not wonder so much at that wheelbarrow story about the streets being so wide and the lanes so narrow.

But the prevalence of sin and misery fills the heart with unutterable yearning there, where now, their characters are fresh as we may think they seemed in the early time of Babel.

One day I took the underground railway for a short ride, but was glad to escape from its close atmosphere at the Mansion House Station. The way from there was nearly straight to the Tower. Here feudal scenes seemed revived, and the appearance of the place was grander than imagination pictured it. As I passed through its gloomy labyrinths, something of terror crept over my mind. Some of these are no longer shown to visitors, I hear, and thus many evidences of past tyranny are allowed to be forgotten. Perhaps this is as well, and yet it may also be well that much remains in the Tower to remind us how mercy has advanced in the earth since the days when thumb-screws, racks, and oubliette-knives were quite the fashion.

In Beauchamp Tower I stood a moment in the den of stone in which Anne Boleyn spent the last night of her life. A gentleman present spoke of the disgust he felt at cruelties formerly practised in that and other political prisons. We recalled Lady Jane Grey, who had seen her husband led out to be executed, watching him from the window of her room above us. Seeing a cross carved on the wall by some prisoner, I ventured to point to it as an emblem of what had sustained those who once suffered there, ere they passed beyond. "They did not pass beyond," exclaimed the gentleman, thus showing that he was keeping his soul in a closer prison than the cell of Anne Boleyn. As we passed out and separated, I did as it is said women like to do—had the last word.

Standing on the place of Anne Boleyn's beheading, I tried to picture a little of the scene. Those tokens of conquest, triumph, and possession—the crown-jewels and sceptres of the Empire have a great value beyond their material worth, as tokens of the "crown of life," and the enduring treasures promised to those overcoming souls who shall be "kings and priests unto God."

In the armories we were carried back to the romantic days of chivalry, celebrated in Scottish song and story. They must have been strong—both horses and riders—who could have borne some of those armors through a battle. Probably those warriors did not expend their energies on scientific researches or questions of philosophy; but they were keen-eyed and athletic, at ease upon a fiery steed, and at home in wild forest paths and by rushing mountain torrents. Those armors, carefully arranged as in battle array, finely illustrated Paul's figure of the whole armor of God (Eph. 6 : 11–17).

From the Tower gates, past Billingsgate to London Bridge, the way was not long. A Thames steamboat gliding from this bridge bore me on past noble edifices and cultured grounds and under many fine piers to Charing Cross landing. A short distance from this place I caught sight of the Egyptian Obelisk on the river-bank, and hastening near it, I spent some time gazing on its mysterious signs and reading its modern inscriptions. The Spinxes which keep guard, as it were, on either side, are like the "new jugs," over which Artemus Ward refuses to weep (though he can "cry like a child over old jugs"), rather modern to call forth emotion; but the ancient shaft is indeed impressive, rising like the genius of old Egypt to survey British civilization, with the dome of St. Paul's on the one hand against the sky, and the towers of Westminster Abbey and the Parliament Houses on the other.

In the evening of the day before I left England, my hostess conducted me to the Strand, where beneath the "Lights o' London" she pointed out Exeter Hall, the new law courts which were opened by the Queen in person, and other places of interest. I was glad to stand where the sovereigns of England were ceremoniously welcomed to London, at what was once a noted point in the boundary of the city, Temple Bar. A fine memorial structure has been reared on the site of the departed Bar, which is rich in bas-reliefs, and has on one side a statue of Victoria, and on the opposite a statue of the Prince of Wales. On the top is what is called a Dragon. At first it seemed quite out of place to set a dragon so high, but when one learns how vice goes shod in brass along that glittering Strand, it seems quite fitting to see him in a place of triumph. But "sin is a reproach to any people," and if unchecked, is ominous of a nation's decay. It is well there is in London much salt that has not lost its savor.

## CHAPTER V.

### AND BOUNDARY LINES.

I LEFT the great metropolis by an early morning train for Newhaven, from which place a tranquil voyage across the English Channel, in company with some American acquaintances, brought me to Dieppe. There we took a train for Paris.

At Rouen we had not time to search for the market-place, where the Maid of Orleans was rewarded, in a way quite common a few centuries ago, toward the people's friends, by being burned at the stake.

The scenery from Dieppe to Paris was so pretty on that June day, that it seemed very natural to call the country La Belle France. Sloping fields divided into parallelograms of various colors indicating different kinds of growing grain, made the farming regions look like gay parterres in distance. The marks of thorough cultivation and economical use of land seemed strange to eyes accustomed to waste and neglected pastures. Tall, straight, Normandy poplars scattered through the landscape, looked like sentinels, with very snug uniforms and very slender frames. I admired the flowery regions; yet its farm-houses and even its foliage were a little strange. The language of the wild blossoms flecking its turf, like that of the peasants, had a foreign accent.

At the Paris station I parted with the last familiar face, after having my way made clear to the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean depot. At the latter place, there was every facility for trying that quality whose exercise is so coveted by most people at some time in their history—independence. There was no one to interfere with the arrangements of baggage, the buying of tickets, the exploration of the buffet, or the long looking for the right train to Montreux in Switzerland. There was a chance to hold opinions and carry them out. Many a woman sighs for this experience. She can have it by exploring foreign lines of travel alone. I was very glad, however, after a long season of anxious waiting, as I was about to enter a ladies' coupé on the train going toward Switzerland, to hear an English lady who was sitting in it, say, "Are you going to Montreux? I am so glad; I do not want to go alone." There was no one in the coupé except the lady and her maid, who was to ride a part of the way in a carriage of another class; so we two had abundant room in which to make ourselves comfortable. The lady spoke French fluently, and being used to the way, proved a pleasant guide as well as companion, helping me out of perplexities.

Dawn found us really near the mountains, and the full morning light revealed very grand prospects. At Lausanne, where we stopped awhile, the English lady pointed out the Jura. Not long after, we entered Montreux, where I was kindly welcomed to the

home of Mlle. Z. and her good mother. They told me that our mutual friend, Dr. Y., had written, requesting that I might "lack nothing for my comfort." Madame Z. poured tea for me in their pleasant parlor, which was full of evidences of refined taste, and overlooked a section of Lake Geneva, with the snowy peaks of the Dent du Midi, and the rugged sides of the Alps of Savoy beyond its waters. After discussing plans with Mademoiselle, I decided to board at Pension Visinand, which was near her residence. There I secured a delightful room, whose deep windows gave fine lake and mountain views, and whose interior was rather home-like, even though there was a high porcelain stove, and a down cushion for a bed covering by way of novelties. At evening I walked with Mademoiselle to the churchyard of the National Church, where amid rustic seats and ivied shades, one is always free to enter and remain. This lovely church stands high up on the sideof the mountain, that o'erhangs the town. On one of the peaks of this mountain or mountain range, is Glion, a lofty summer resort for travellers and health-seekers, to which an inclined railway now leads with a grade of dizzy steepness not far from the Castle of Chillon, which is most picturesquely situated on the shore of the lake, or rather divided from it by a moat. In the midst of the town and below the heights of Glion, is a wild and terrible gorge cleaving the great hills, between whose cavernous sides run the swift torrents of the Chaudron to empty themselves into the lake. From its bridge, asone fronts Lake Geneva, one sees the tiled-roofed houses, tier after tier, sloping down the steep hill-sides, or scattered above and below, as they approach the outskirts of Montreux where vineyards begin to mantle the rugged cliffs with their green tapestries. Far to the right is the old castle of Crête, and still beyond, but nearer the lake, is the new castle of Châtelard, where Gambetta used to retire from more crowded scenes. I was told that his manners were very unostentatious.

Walled in by mountains, rendered charming by the changeful beauty of Lake Geneva, or Leman, as well as by a rare combination of varied and picturesque situations, Montreux has become a favorite resort for those of other lands who seek the benefit of her vineyards in autumn, or the influence of her mild, yet bracing winter climate. The "grape-cure" is a delightful mode of healing, now recommended to invalids, and consists, as far as I learned, of eating a large quantity of fresh grapes daily. If this is really all the prescription, who would not like to try it, whether sick or well, especially at one of the fine hotels or neat pensions of beautiful Montreux?

## CHAPTER VI.

### REFLECTIONS IN SOLITARY PLACES.

Sickness came to Madame Z., and brought care and anxiety to her devoted daughter during the rest of the summer. So Mademoiselle and Sola could only meet now and then over their coffee; or in a short walk, during the two weeks in which Sola waited at Montreux before deciding that if she was to see the mountains, toward which her chief expectation had long tended, she must relinquish the hope of Mademoiselle's company, and start forth alone.

In the mean time, letters were delayed unaccountably, and all the boarders left Pension Visinand, except some Russians and herself. Moore's lines:

"O who would inhabit this bleak world alone?"

came often to mind.

But if we cannot change a situation that is not our choice, it is well to remember that it must have some advantages peculiar to itself, and avail ourselves of these as cheerfully as possible.

Sola could now, like Lord Byron, "mingle with the universe." The universe is a little too roomy for one human being to feel "at home" in, without society, ordinarily. Still if one can feel that one is faithfully doing an assigned part, and can constantly communicate with Headquarters, the Universe is no dungeon, but more like a palace on a grand scale.

One has got to seem rather egotistical when representing impressions and experiences in which no companion had a share. We have then to abandon that modest, unpretending, irresponsible, though often untruthful pronoun *We*, and take up the conspicuous, unsheltered pronoun *I*. So our pen must be forgiven for darting along in a sulky, over a road sometimes rough, when it would be pleased to dash imposingly along a macadamized boulevard, with a coach drawn by two and full of friends.

It was I who went vainly to the closed doors of the Presbyterian and German Lutheran Churches, on my first Sunday in Switzerland. However, I made sure of hearing an excellent sermon at the English Episcopal Church, on the words, "He was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein." The preacher taught that Judas had a part to fill which tested his coveteous nature; yet he had the great advantage of being with Christ, to offset his temptation. On coming out of church, I stopped in the pretty churchyard adjoining, and enjoyed the testimonials to an immortal hope upon the burial tablets, sometimes very simply expressed, as in the words *Au revoir*.

Pension Visinand is one of the oldest boarding places at Mon-

treux. It is large, quiet, and very well kept. Lord Byron was once its guest; and the room he occupied with the desk which was part of its furniture when he looked from its windows on the lake he loved so well, was shown me one day by the landlord's sister. It is a tradition at Visinand, that the master of the house remonstrated with the poet for casting himself on a sofa with muddy boots, and received the reply in reference to the mud: "It is only on the outside."

Lord Byron's soul, misguided, but magnificently endowed, has left that spell which genius ever casts over the scenes it celebrates, on the Castle of Chillon, and the waters of Lake Leman that wash its ancient walls. I visited Chillon on a sunny day, when delicate wild-flowers were smiling up at the bare cliffs that rise before it, and fresh, rich foliage curtained the sides of the cruel moat that once separated the languishing captive from his mountain land. I entered the castle with a party of tourists to whom the guide addressed rapid explanations in French, as we passed from point to point. From an inner court-yard, we looked up at the square tower of Charlemagne's time. We passed into the reception hall, the chambers of the Duke and Duchess of Savoy (who reigned here during the thirteenth century), the chapel, and the hall of the seat of justice, from which a staircase leads to the prisons below. In these low prisons, we saw the pillar and foot-worn stone floor, famous as the place where the chained Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon, spent his years of captivity. Not far off was the beam from which Jews were hung, and also a place of torture, from which captives were taken and thrown down a horrible pit into the arms of a machine whose knives cut them in pieces. A trap-door then opened to receive them still further into the subterranean darkness of Les Oubliettes, or the places of the forgotten.

When the events of the day were past, and the scenes of Chillon were recalled, I could almost see again the opening of that pit of Les Oubliettes. But these words came also to mind: "There is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed."

Slowly, but surely, too, human freedom advances. Over Chillon's "dark places," once full of the habitations of cruelty, waves the flag of Helvetia; and Geneva has long been free. Switzerland sits unfettered on her mountain throne. No despot aspires to pass her natural bulwarks, and spread his sceptre above her beautiful lakes. Her danger is more subtle. Her mountains are becoming pleasure parks for the civilized nations. The idlers of many lands, and the rest-takers in their vacation days, afford examples of careless indulgence, which would be severe tests for the energy and integrity of any people. Ordinary industries and quiet domestic life are liable to lose their sway over a province which becomes largely like a grand hotel. May Switzerland be alert to all which threatens to enervate her brave children, and may they long preserve those virtues that alone merit and maintain liberty.

May her verdict for religious faith, once so strong, still ring clearly amid the "confusion of tongues" within her borders, as the sweet notes of her Alpine horn wind and re-echo among those natural fastnesses which no Gessler now has power to control.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### BY WAYSIDE FOUNTAINS.

Although so many of the hill-sides of Europe are rich in vineyards, producing, doubtless, most delicious wines, it would have been strange if God, who "waters the hills from his chambers," had made the springs which sparkle among her mountains to contain poisonous qualities. Yet I had been told that it would be not only unusual, but unhealthy to drink water instead of wine, in Europe. Judging from what one sees on board the ocean steamers, and at hotel tables, American tourists run little risk of being injured by the waters of foreign lands. Yet now and then there are those among them, who resolutely abstain from wine and beer. Some one, too, was bold enough to tell me that the danger of sickness in many cases arises from overeating and the like disregard of the laws of hygiene. An American lady living in England, disgusted with its beer drinking among women, assured me that she found no difficulty in drinking water while travelling, even down to Italy. I had supplied myself with one of Richardson's volumes on alcohol, as reading matter for the sea-voyage, in spite of friendly advice to amuse myself with a volume of William Black instead. Fortified by the learned opinions of Dr. Richardson, and remembering that the land "I left behind me" is languishing under the effects of strong drink, I ventured to run the *terrible* risk of total abstinence. Hence my humble witness goes to prove that it is possible to pass through many lands without tasting their intoxicating beverages, and live to return. It was usually convenient to procure excellent tea, coffee, and milk, as well as clear cold water, at any public table.

And by the way, while the effects of drinking seemed less marked among the people of Europe than among ours, and while there is not that recklessness in the matter there, which is found in our new land, where ideas of liberty are carried to an absurd issue, the evils of alcoholism seem on the increase there, especially in Switzerland. Some are alarmed and are taking the stand of abstinence.

Was it that I was so fresh from the study of Richardson that its pages still left an impress on the retina, or was it true that in wine and beer drinking communities I saw frequent evidence of bloated and deteriorated tissues, and even stolidity and slowness of apprehension among respectable classes, who did not dream of

being injured by their mild but common alcoholic draughts. Well, truth will come to the light on some golden day, and righteousness prevail in the earth. Even headstrong "young America" might, if she would, discern a tiny cloud ominous of purification in her horizon. It would be ludicrous, were it not serious, to observe how obstinately strong political parties ignore the "signs of the times" concerning principles which, like the thunder in a gathering storm, soon must and will be heard.

I noticed in my walks about Montreux that there were many wayside fountains gurgling forth from the hills. There was one of these in front of Pension Visinand falling into an ample basin with a lulling music which never ceased.

Not far from the front porch, was an enclosed garden with seats embowered by thick foliage. In this quiet retreat I sometimes shared the charms of solitude with a harmless snail or two, whose movements, when carefully considered, impressed me that even a snail has purposes in view, whenever he puts forth his slow efforts. He has at least his marketing to do, and cannot spend all the summer hours curled up in his shell. Neither could Sola spend all her time dreaming over Walter Scott's "Redgauntlet," or extracting old melodies from the piano in the salon. She must look about her, study the Swiss map and venture out erelong into new regions.

On my second Sunday at Montreux, I attended the French National Church. The sermon was an earnest one on the Christian hope. All the prayers, so far as I noticed, were read by the pastor, as well as the creed and ten commandments. The hymns were grand, and well and solemnly sung by the congregation. It seemed strange at first, to hear the usually silent "e" of French words pronounced in singing. I refer to the unaccented final "e."

The next Sunday I went to the German Lutheran church, and heard a sermon in which Christian life was finely compared to a sea voyage. Thus Montreux seems quite favored with Protestant religious teachers. The Romanists are now building a large church there.

The hamlet of Glion, on the mountain heights above Montreux, must be a most delightful resort in the warmest months. I walked there one afternoon, and found the excursion a wild and exciting one. Up and on toward the clouds the way wound, till town and vineyard slopes were far below. But when I had reached that which I had looked up to as a crowning height from which the green range beyond should be overlooked, I found new eminences still rising on the near perspective, and shutting out the distant view. Much was revealed; yet the new revelations suggested new regions to be explored. So it is among mountains. We think of them first, if we have only been familiar with lower lands, as peaks of definite size and outline. If we are fond of ocean views, we first miss, among the high mountains, the roll and dash of waves against the shore, the sparkle and foam of the restless billows that respond to each breath of the change-

ful winds. We think the hills monotonous; but if we dwell among them, we find their aspects varying with every change of our own position, as well as every turn of the weather, or movement of the greater or lesser lights that rule the day and night. Emblems of unchangeable truths are these mountains. No single view can represent them, no single foot explore them. Mists hide them, yet they are still firm. They are too vast to be monopolized, too solid to be undermined.

The day was wearing to a close, and rain began to descend, as I hurried down the road from Glion. Two large crows flew from tree-tops above my head as I pressed on my desolate pathway. They seemed most appropriate to the place—weird, sombre, like dark genii of wooded cliffs. Here and there I met a traveller, in whose presence I did not care to linger. It was pleasant to pass down on to the pavements of Montreux, and calling at Maison F., recount to Mademoiselle Z. the story of the day.

One of the most interesting of my walks about Montreux was that in the cemetery of Clarens, which is distinguished for its lovely situation, and as being the last resting place of the strangers from many distant lands, who have come seeking health and found death instead. The burial inscriptions are in various languages, and some of them are quite touching. On the tombstone of a Scotch child were these words, evidently his own: "Papa, sing Jesus loves me." I saw there were sleepers at Clarens from Boston, New York, Chicago, and New Orleans, and probably careful research would have revealed others from America.

In my rambles, I observed a close likeness between many of the wild flowers of Switzerland, and those of New England. I think the former are the most delicate. Sometimes the color is not the same. In Switzerland yarrow is pink, instead of being white, as in New England. But often the weeds would look up from Swiss soil with familiar aspects, reminding me of those which used to spring up in waysides of Connecticut, and along the garden paths in which my childish feet wandered. There are parts of the White Mountain region closely resembling a Swiss landscape. It is not hard to think that Roger Williams and Elder William Brewster, the "Chief of the Pilgrims" might have flourished quite naturally in Switzerland, could they have entered into the labors of William Tell. But Providence appoints such few and precious pioneers to distinct departments, it would seem, thus making the most of them.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AMONG REMARKABLE FOOTPRINTS.

One morning early in the last week of July, I went on board one of the little steamboats which daily ruffle the quiet lake before Montreux. I supposed it would in a few hours land me at Geneva.

Perhaps those to whom I had spoken of the journey had failed to "comprehend my ignorance," and so neglected to say that this boat would pass by Chillon, sweep across the end of the lake, and touch at the little village of Bouveret opposite Montreux, but that it would not go to Geneva before the following day. This knowledge came only after leaving the pier. But it was a great relief to intercept another boat at Bouveret, on which I could proceed directly to Geneva. This boat was provided with a nice saloon containing easy velvet chairs and tables at which refreshments were served.

The storm which soon gathered, and an aching head, deterred me from taking much pleasure in watching the towns along the shore, at some of which we touched.

When we reached Geneva's beautiful Quai de Mont Blanc, the sight of its grand hotels was very imposing to weary eyes looking through the rain for Pension Richardet, which had been described as excellent and quite near the Quai. A kind lady helped my young porter and myself to find it just around the corner, and upstairs leading from a court-yard. There was a room for Sola—a pleasant one looking out into a large square garden. And she was not to play the hermit here either. Mademoiselle Richardet was most thoughtful: Sola should come into the salon, where sat Madame Richardet at her sewing, ready to welcome her with French sprightliness and kindness. At dinner many Americans were present, talking the old familiar English. At Sola's right were Mrs. M. and Miss H. from Chicago, intelligent Christian ladies, with whom it was very easy to speak of names familiar to us all. The next morning Mrs. M. and I went together to see the "meeting of the rivers"—Arve and Rhone. The Arve flows turbidly down from its source at Mont Blanc, and a little way out of Geneva, at the end of a gradually narrowing strip of land, joins the beautiful waters of the Rhone, which has hurried under its many bridges, sparkling and clear, to meet it. For some distance after their meeting, the streams appear distinct—the Arve still muddy and the Rhone pure and of a greenish tinge. But, as it is sometimes with united lives, one becoming in the end prevailing in its influence, so the pure Rhone absorbs the Arve into its own clear beauty at length.

Upon invitation, I decided to accompany the two ladies of Chicago to Chamouni. We went one morning to Cook's Tourist Office and bought tickets as far as to Ouchy near Montreux. The same day I went alone about Geneva. I passed a very old church —the Madeleine—where the Covenant was signed, and a house known as having been the home of Rousseau. This had for me much less interest than John Calvin's old residence. In the square inner court of Calvin's house, I stood for some time gazing up at the windows opening on the four sides, noticing its elaborately patterned pavement, or trying to fix in memory the motto carved in stone on the wall opposite: *Dominus est Propuguaculum*

*meum*. Below this motto is the carving of a face in alto relievo, and the date 1707. A female guide showed me the interior of the Cathedral de St. Pierre. This was first built in the twelfth century. Among its trophies of the past, are memorial tablets in the stone floor that were placed there when the church was the property of Romanists, before the Reformation. The pillars within are very massive, though, as the guide assured me, *parfaitement* solid. The porch of the edifice is deep, with a pillared front and ornate ceiling. The Hotel de Ville had a special interest as being the place where a dozen or more years ago, the "Peace Congress" met to decide on national claims, and thus avoid war. Sublime event! marking the progress of "Peace on earth" and "good will to men."

In returning to the Quai de Mont Blanc, I lost my way, and failed to be there in time for the steamboat trip to Coppet—the residence of Madame de Staël. But from the curious and beautiful Jardin des Alpes, I enjoyed an extensive view of the Rhone, and the cloud-capped mountains which render its banks so enchanting. This river divides Geneva quite centrally, and seems to pour vigor and cheerfulness through the town. It flows around the large market place, and seems to keep fresh and cool the tempting and extensive variety of produce furnished there on market days. On it, too, are the public laundries, where women, in long talkative rows, dip the clothes in its tide, and slap and pound them against smooth boards, before scalding them in the tanks of hot water which are seen steaming over furnaces close at hand. This seems to be done with care, judging from results. And to offset the inconvenience attending the feeing system, which is often deprecated, it seems well to remember the strict honesty which one finds among the chambermaids, porters, and laundresses of Europe. At least I can testify in their favor, never having lost through them on the Continent to the value of a dime, though not strict in keeping my possessions under lock and key.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CLEARING AWAY OF SMOKE AND CLOUDS.

We started at seven in the morning, on a diligence for Chamouni. We were five on a seat, row after row, on the high roof of the baggage compartment, to which altitude we climbed by means of a steep ladder. A light awning shaded us from the sun. The day was brilliant. There were just enough soft white clouds to be becoming to the blue sky; and a clear alpine air flooded the landscape. We noticed fine gardens and ornamental grounds in the suburbs of Geneva, but soon we were in those natural parks whose grandeur cannot be hedged in or imitated. I will not try to

describe the views of towering mountains, cliffs, cascades, chasms, gorges, and picturesque little home scenes where the *chalet* and meadow told of hard-won comfort and independence—seen from our rock-hewn roadway, where waving foliage curtained perilous descents and bordering wild blossoms beguiled us in rough places as if trying to laugh away all thoughts of danger. There was one drawback to the enjoyment of the ride to ladies; and that was the smoke which seemed so necessary to our male travelling-companions. They kept up a constant warfare against the pure airs of the hills with their pipes, cigars, and those imposing looking missiles said to play deadly havoc with youthful brains—cigarettes; so that with us ladies there was

Tobacco to right of us,
Tobacco to left of us,
Tobacco in front of us,

till we really felt as if "some one had blundered." Swedenborg writes of "correspondences." It might be profitable to speculate as to whether an atmosphere of nicotine corresponds to a clear spiritual condition; or whether it may not dim the soul's perceptions, as it can dim the grandest views of earth.

The crowning point of interest during our ride was a glimpse of the summit of Mont Blanc, towering above a circlet of white clouds. We caught this when the smoke had cleared away, while we were waiting for relays at St. Gervais. And though Mont Blanc soon retired into his cloud canopy, we could still say and say forever! "I have seen him, I have seen the haughty king of hills, more than fifteen thousand feet in his flint-shod shoes and ermine mantle."

An intelligent young physician from our own city, who sat next me, inclined to talk very freely about his own experiences in life. He told me that on religious questions he was a doubter, though not a determined one. Being much in love with a lady, whom, after a parting of three years, he expected to meet at Chamouni, he permitted me to share in the overflow of his thoughts. I was favored with a recitation of the poem he had addressed to his chosen one. He feared she had not liked it. I ventured to assure him, from what I knew of feminine natures, that the flattery of his devotion would doubtless be forgiven. At the same time, I begged of him, that in future years, when he shall have discovered that no mortal can long fill the place of religious ideals, to forgive the lady for failing to supply all that pertains alone to Infinite Perfection to give. We reached Chamouni at about half past four P.M. Its many hotels seemed thronged with visitors. Among these was one whom we would have liked much to have seen—the poet Edward Bickersteth; but we were not so favored.

We chose to go to the Hotel des Alpes, and liked it quite well. The first morning of our stay, although I did not witness Mont

Blanc actually "foretell the day," I did see quite an early glow upon his glittering forehead. After breakfast, I went with my friends to some of the "magazins" or stores of the village, where we saw many beautiful pieces of jewelry, made from brilliant stones of various colors, which abound in some of the Alpine regions. We rambled along the lanes leading up toward the mountain steeps, gathering flowers or singing that fine old song, "Sweet Chamouni's Vale," "with a new sense of its meaning." We would have liked to have read Coleridge's hymn—"Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouni," but had no copy of it.

We had planned an afternoon ride, but one of my friends being sick, we gave it up. I enjoyed a walk in the eastern part of the village alone. I followed the course of the Arve for a good distance, conversing on the way, first with a woman who was driving a cow, and afterward with two modest young girls, returning to their homes in a hamlet east of Chamouni. We spoke of thorns and roses, of rivers and lives, and a word of the Lord of all, and parted with a grasp of the hand. On my way back I passed a pretty little boy, who put out his hands for alms. How painful to see a child trained to dependence!

Sunday morning at Chamouni, I heard a very good sermon at the Evangelical Church, on our duty to imitate God in His love to all men—even our enemies—and by purity of character. In the afternoon I took a walk with my two friends and the Rev. Mr. B., of the English Church. It was a lovely day, and Mr. B. thought the Glacier du Bossons was not too far off for us to reach it easily. I allowed inclination to prevail over conscience enough to go over some most wild paths, or rather pathless wilds, until we were in the midst of the wide bed of a torrent now represented by two small streams running among great boulders on either hand. I became alarmed, and determined to return back over the stream already passed. While searching a crossing-place, my companions succeeded in getting over the second stream; but waited, and assisted me to follow them. I would go no farther; but as I found my way alone to the near highway, and passed wearily back to our hotel in my wet boots, I had ample time to reflect on the advantages of resting one day in seven. I encountered two poor unfortunates on my path; one of them a goitrous woman leaning on a stick, and the other a helpless girl sitting for alms by the roadside. I tried to find out, by a question or two, if the latter had a knowledge of her Maker. Her face was very smiling as she took a coin; but she only said, "Da! da! da!" like a pleased baby.

Bunches of "forget-me-nots," peeping out of the grass, seemed to say, "remember the Sabbath day!" The lesson of the day was not forgotten, nor the conviction lost that, for a Christian tourist, Sunday should be a restful as well as a devotional day, even for the best prosecution of sight-seeing and recreation, as well as for the exercise of an influence never to be twice possible, or perhaps, equally effective. I am persuaded also that Sunday rest

is constantly attainable. The Law-giver of both our physical and spiritual spheres of existence is present in all lands to make a plain path for the weakest of those who are determined to walk in his fear; so that everywhere, for the heart of faith, it is true that "a highway shall be there."

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## CHAPTER X.

### SUNBEAMS AND CANDLE-LIGHT.

On Monday morning we cast lingering farewell glances at Mont Blanc, as we rode in a carriage from the Chamouni valley, on toward the Pass of Tête Noire. Glaciers broad and cold, like turbulent streams congealed when, as the poet sings, "the billows stiffened and had rest," were seen on our left hand as we passed along. All were surprised at the grandeur of the scenes that opened before us. We journeyed through a desert, where neither human habitation nor tree broke the long perspective of barren wild. On either hand rose a mountain wall among whose aiguilles or sharp peaks, to our right, was the Tête Rouge, or Red Head, from the reddish color of its rock, largely intermingled with iron ore. Granite and slate abound in that region. We saw in fancy there, a Gerizim, an Ebal, and a Sinai. It was an exhilarating thought that the "strength of the hills is His also," who has said "I will make all my mountains a way," when promising deliverance to those in adversity.

From this desolate region, we emerged into one where hamlets and cultured fields were seen in such isolated places, they seemed shut out from the rest of the habitable world. Wild flowers again abounded by the wayside. There were dandelions, pink yarrow, blue and white bells, the last in full, graceful clusters, giving a kind of tender expression to the aspect of the immovable hills. A close search revealed too, at every turn, some different fern or flower, often of exquisite fineness, but ready to wither almost at a touch. Here and there, the scarlet poppy threw its surprised look from the grass, or wild roses suggested sweet associations with the "long ago," to our hearts.

At Tête Noire, or Black Head, the road is tunnelled into the solid rock for a short distance. The scenery in this vicinity is very grand. The firm, rugged mountains are emblematic of the character of the independent people who have so long held them under republican rule, in the midst of the surrounding kings. Industry, temperance, and frugality are expressly demanded by the nature of the land, while its flowers symbolize those fine sensibilities that often exist in minds decided and resolute. One would look for great poets in Switzerland, if grand scenery alone

could produce great songs. But though Swiss patriotism has inspired the pen of a Schiller, there seems to be no Swiss epic poet of wide celebrity. At least, the ears of Sola do not catch his strains.

Beyond Tête Noire, where we dined, there were still new varieties of landscape. As the road toward the heights of Forclaz became difficult and rough, we alighted and walked part of the way, and when, after resuming our seats, we neared the highest point, and turned our gaze backward, the ascent appeared fearfully abrupt. From the summit of Forclaz, we stopped for a moment's enjoyment of the outlook, and then began the steep descent toward the valley of the Rhone. The great St. Bernard rose plainly before us, with many another noble mountain. Our driver tried to indicate the locality in the distance, made famous by the passage of Napoleon's army, but the Simplon was too far away for us to realize its position. Most of the Swiss men in this region serve as soldiers for other nations.

In Martigny—a little town lying in a very level and highly cultured valley—we stopped over night at a quiet and very pleasant hotel, the recollection of whose ample dining hall, adorned with plants, has its peculiar charm. In the morning, I visited the old Roman Catholic church, which seems to be the only place of public worship in Martigny. In the afternoon Miss H. and I walked over the covered bridge which spans the Rhone, and climbing the ascent beyond, visited the Château and Tower of Batiaz, built, as is supposed, by the Romans before the Christian era. The stone walls, of great thickness, seem a part of the mountain from which they rise. The château contains dread "Oubliettes," or dungeons, and was once fitted to sustain a siege. There are chambers commanding fine views from very narrow windows, and at the top of the tower is an observatory for looking over the town, and viewing the surrounding chains of mountains. A female guide led the way upward, lighting the dark rough passages by a candle. I noticed a large chimney-place and also a place for ventilation, extending upward through the wall. The wind blew around the tower, but it did not tremble, either from its age of many centuries, or from weakness of structure; for it was "founded upon a rock."

At about four P.M., we all took a train for Montreux, passing a country rich in wild gorges and cascades, then striking into the fair region about Lake Leman. Some of our fellow passengers were kind enough to point out the country to us a little. A lady with white hair, large, deep blue eyes, and a clear, rosy complexion, gave me a part of the bunch of Alpine roses that she carried in her hand.

At Montreux, I enjoyed a visit with my friend Mademoiselle Z., whose mother's health was much better than when I left her. She gave me letters from dear friends at home. I felt loaded with kindly tokens of interest, especially on learning by how many hearts I was remembered in prayer during my wanderings.

"There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat."

On Thursday my two friends and I left Montreux *en route* for Interlaken. During much of the way toward Berne we enjoyed a broad rich landscape, with a dreamy perspective of mountains. At Berne, Mrs. M. and I visited a fine park, from which we looked toward the Oberland Alps. We admired the general appearance of the city, which boasts of some handsome buildings. We saw afar off the tower of the Federal Hall. We did not go bear-hunting, though we passed two large bruins in stone, at a gateway.

It was late when we reached Thun. A glance or two at its old castle, and at the church which stands so prominently in the midst of the town, was but little to bestow on this place, so beautifully situated. As we set off to cross the lake, a low streak of the sunset's crimson lighted the waters and picturesque shores; but heavy mists soon enveloped us, turning to rain ere we landed at Interlaken. Here we sought the near shelter of the Hôtel de la Gare, where we spent two nights.

Friday morning dawned finely. We took a carriage at an early hour for Grindelwald. It was not long before the Jungfrau in all her beauty, with her silberhorn glittering in the early sunshine, and her two friends, Eiger and Mönch, appeared in full view. It was delightful thus to behold that snowy queen of mountains, toward which so many eyes from so many nations gaze, year by year, and whose image stands so clearly out in the varied meditations and experiences of so many hearts. I wrested some lines of the poet Heine from their true intention toward "Die Lorelei," and made them say:

The most lovely Jungfrau sitteth
Yonder, lofty and wonderful,
Her silver adornments are flashing,
She ariseth with gleaming locks.

("Die schönste jungfrau sitzet
Dort ober wonderbar;
Ihr goldenes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie komm't es mit golden haar.")

And I thought that when the tempests of winter roar about the Alps, there must be heard near the Jungfrau, "eine wondersame, gewaltige Sturm Gesang"—a wonderful, powerful storm anthem.

## CHAPTER XI.

SHOWING "PLAIN PATHS" AMID ROUGH PLACES.

We turn from the Jungfrau, and soon gain a view of the Wetterhorn group. Our carriage was one of many winding in a long train toward Grindelwald, where we dined at a wayside hotel. There was time for a horseback ride to the great Glacier, which we saw a little farther on; but a short rest in a quiet parlor was more attractive than a saddle at that time. We started for Lauterbrunnen at about two o'clock P.M. The Lauterbrunnen region is delightful. Towering rock formations frowned upon us, like a range of castle walls and towers framed on a stupendous plan. Looking up at those bulwarks fashioned by Divine power, it was easy to see how men took their patterns for castles and strongholds from such works of the Great Designer, and a fuller meaning seemed to dwell in the line of Luther's Hymn—

"Ein' feste burg ist unser Gott"—

A strong fortress is our God.

Our next stop was at a hotel close to the Staubbach, or Dustbrook; so called because the lofty cascade here falls in a dust-like spray. But after our long sunny day, it was a great relief to leave behind the noisy crowd on the hotel porch, and ride in the shades of day's decline toward Interlaken. The flowery height of the Murren, the Heimwehfluh, whose enchanting prospect is said to leave a sad yearning, like homesickness in the heart, the Rugen, and other attractive points lay suggestively near our route. Our stay at Interlaken was too short for more than a taste of its feast of mountain grandeur and sylvan beauty.

During our ride to Grindelwald, we heard music from a genuine Alpine horn, attended by sweet strong echoes. The next day we went by steamboat over the lake of Brienz and rode by the Brünig Pass to the lake of the Four Cantons, where we embarked for Lucerne. The Brünig road is not so wild as is that of Tête Noire, yet it has some grand situations. My two friends rode on the outside of a stage, while I was obliged to enter a carriage alone. Soon an English gentleman and his two tall sisters came to fill its three vacant places. The girls both sat on the seat I occupied, crowding me into a corner, and protesting they could not ride backward. I moved to the opposite seat, which concession they took very coolly. I heard them after a time inform their brother that they were sorry not to have the carriage all to their party, as there was not room now to make themselves comfortable. I afforded some relief to them by getting out and

enjoying an uphill walk and talk with the driver, much to their brother's expressed surprise. He wondered how I could understand such unprovincial speech, not realizing how much a certain portion of the American family can make out by guessing.

The Swan Hotel at Lucerne was overflowing with guests; so we were spilled into its second building, from which, however, we could easily step over to the dining-hall for our meals.

Sunday morning we attended the English services, worshipping with a large congregation in a pleasant edifice in the heart of the town. The preacher's theme was Elijah and the prophets of Baal. In the afternoon we heard a heart-warming sermon from a Scotch minister in one of the Roman Catholic churches. It seemed strange that both Catholics and Protestants should use the same church. The minister preached from the last two verses of the third chapter of Philippians, and dwelt on the second coming of Christ with much fervor. A young English lady, whom I had heard allude to this subject at our hotel table, was present and walked by my side on our way from church. She told me that the Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, of London, had published some new views on the prophecies, and said, "You ought to hear him preach when you are in London." Her words were afterward recalled by me in London, leading me into an interesting and, I think, profitable train of circumstances. Indeed, how constantly do we find out the influence of *words* as well as of deeds! And if there were not power in words, would Christ be called the *Word?*

On Monday we walked out to the old city wall, which with its ancient towers adds a pleasing historic effect to the otherwise attractive city of Lucerne. We went, too, to view the sculptured lion, graven by Thorwaldsen on a perpendicular wall of rock in a quiet sheltered quarter. The place is furnished with rows of settees, on which visitors sit and contemplate this expressive emblem of Swiss fidelity to an accepted trust. The rock, dumb for ages, was smitten by the iron that for ages had lain in the still chamber of the mine, and a work produced to stir men's hearts to sympathy and admiration for heroic decision. Whence this result. Truly "there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." It seems strange that there are so few attempts to imitate Thorwaldsen's plan of uniting art to nature, by sculpturing the artist's design on the unquarried stone, thus conserving to it all the accessories of the original grandeur and wildness of natural scenes.

The two most popular mountain excursions from Lucerne are those up Mount Pilatus on the left, and the Rigi on the right of the lake that spreads in changeable tints and shades before the town. We chose the Rigi, taking a steamboat to Vitznau, whence we went by the inclined railway to the Kulm or summit of the mountain. My friend, Mademoiselle Z., pronounces the Rigi the "crown of all" the Alps; not of course for its height, as that is but about six thousand feet. It is fertile, so that even on its grassy top, the

mouse-colored cows feed, tinkling their bells as they move. Two or three stations lower down, noble fir-trees droop their green fringes to the ground. Caverns lend the weirdness of their labyrinths to the wild ravines, or yawn toward flowery meadows from precipitous rocks. In all directions are interesting walks, or quiet retreats in which to rest or meditate; while from the Kulm the outlook is wonderful, showing from the fearful brink of its most steep sides a vast stretch of lower land, lying with its villages, lakes, fields, streams and woods, like a world from which we had departed. But, on the other hand, appear in the cloud-regions the snowy chains of the Eastern Alps, whose tops seem "rolling in foaming billows," like the waves of an unformed planet.

The afternoon sky was somewhat hazy, with white clouds sailing among the distant peaks. Our company had the pleasant accession of Miss W., the Bristol young lady, and her two older friends, the Misses P. We all took tea at a table in the open air, in front of the largest hotel, talking of American poets, as well as of our bread and butter. As we rode down the mountain, we enjoyed some sunset glories, as they fell over the lake, lighting rich pictures of beauty and grandeur, that have now glided back among many others sweet or majestic, to be recalled by the magic names of Alpine heights and vales.

The next day "we three" took rather a rainy excursion to Fluelen over the lake. We passed close to Tell's Chapel, but did not land. Some of those great St. Gothard works which are marvels in engineering can be seen from the steamboat. Before our Bristol friends left the Swan Hotel, their acquaintance bore sweet buds of Christian fellowship. By the savor of their pure influence my heart was cheered and comforted. How much Christians miss, when they fail in any social feast to set a chair for Him who so graciously says, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock!"

## CHAPTER XII.

PROVING HOW DARK PATHS MAY LEAD TO LIGHT AND BEAUTY; HOW TIME FLIES AND WORSHIP CONTINUES.

A RIDE over the St. Gothard railroad is a grand privilege, even though at various intervals it has the detriment of what I heard an English traveller call a "nahsty tunnel." Had not the car windows been closed before we entered that twenty minutes' long bore through the heart of the mountain, the effect on our lungs might have been serious. The fumes of the engine's fuel, borne backward toward the passengers, are suffocating to a fearful degree, if allowed to freely pervade the carriages. But such a programme of "curvettings and pirouettings" as that engine furnished for our entertainment, and such a panorama of wild and beautiful scenes as it treated us to, while bearing us toward the

green valley of Airolo, should excuse a little puffing in its own behalf. There are always some hard things about travelling, but as an English girl said to me, "We must not be *sore* about them." A volume of philosophy is wrapped up in that advice.

The St. Gothard works, as high expressions of man's enterprise and endowments, fitly harmonize with the displays of his Creator's power by which they are surrounded. "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands: Thou puttest all things under his feet."

The Italian skies were soft and blue above us as we dined at Airolo, in an apartment opening toward mountains whose slopes were clothed in bright verdure. We met there a little company of Americans, distinguished from most tourists by abstaining from wines. On their advice, we decided to stop, on our return toward Lucerne, for an hour at Andermatt, to ride to the Devil's Bridge. When we reached Andermatt, a gentleman kindly secured a carriage for us, but stipulated that the driver should return to the station in three-quarters of an hour. As we rode up to one of the wildest regions, the driver shouted and beat his poor, thin horses in such a way, that neither having control over the expedition, nor any commander to compel my riding in misery (for pleasure), I alighted. There is a certain rest in following our moral convictions. But I did not gain bodily strength or rest in attempting to climb the mazes of the shortest path to the wonderful bridge. Overcome by various fears, I turned to loiter by the way till the carriage should come back. Meeting a German gentleman and his wife, whom we had seen at Chamouni, I received a cordial greeting; though between our two languages our words got sadly tangled. At last the carriage returned, picked me up, and dashed down to the station, where we had some little time to wait for the train. Surely there is less need of hurry in life than people think. "He that believeth shall not make haste."

As we sped on to Lucerne at evening, a sweet young girl who sat opposite me in the car, and said that she lived in that city, presented me with a choice bouquet of cultivated flowers.

On the tenth of August, I stored my spare possessions at the Swan Hotel, and taking a light bundle only, set off with my two friends for a trip down the Rhine. We took an early train for Schaffhausen, which we reached about noon. We had a sight of the Falls of the Rhine in passing them. They are fine, though scarcely imposing, after one has seen our Niagara. After lunch at Schaffhausen, we walked out into an old and interesting quarter of the town, and visited the banking-house of Zundel & Co. It is near a large paved public square, surrounded by noble buildings, quaint in style and curiously ornamented. Doubtless, as of Nuremberg Macaulay sings,

"Memory haunts their ancient gables" —

and history too.

I was anxious to visit the old minster built in the twelfth century, and asked its direction of the elder of two bonnetless, but evidently respectable women, whom we met in the street. She offered to point it out to me, as it was not far from her home. My friends went back toward the station, and I went on with the woman and her companion. Her name was Schatter, and she was a widow. Learning of my wanderings, she thought I had much courage. We entered the minster enclosure, and I looked well at its time-worn walls and tower. The widow said she was a Protestant. I offered her money for her kindness; but she decidedly refused to accept it. I next asked the way to the castle called Der Munot, rising not far off on an eminence. Both the women attended me to its entrance on the summit of the hill, and finding I wished to explore it, rang its bell. A boy guide appeared high up at a window, and soon came down and admitted us all, for I insisted the women should come with me, since they had never been inside. As we passed into the dark gloomy spaces of the castle I was glad of company. We went over it almost

"From turret to foundation-stone."

It was begun in A.D. 366. Of late years it had been partially restored from decay. On the ample roof of its main edifice, a deep well opened, from which I drank. From its tower, where the parents of the guide had a tidy abode, we looked down on the tiles of Shaffhausen, with the Rhine winding out into the country, and mountains rising beyond. We examined many spears used anciently. One of them was ornamented with traceries, and bore the motto *Soli Deo glor* (to God alone be glory). One of the women accompanied me nearly to the station, where with my friends I took the train for Strasburg. We arrived very late at the Hôtel de la Ville.

Our company was now pleasantly augmented, through Mrs. M., by the addition of Mr. H. and three other gentlemen, Knights Templar, from Iowa. They had come to England with their Commandery, their chaplain being Rev. Dr. L., of Chicago.

Taking a long and much-needed rest, after my castle explorations and going without supper the previous day—I was left at the hotel, while my friends went to view the city. But after a late breakfast in my room, I walked alone, determined not to leave Strasburg without a sight of its cathedral, even though my party should go on without me. Reaching it, I first walked slowly around it, viewing its lofty dark stone towers of intricate beauty. Then entering on the side containing the celebrated clock, I waited with the hushed company of strangers before it. At the hour of eleven, a figure representing Time struck the clear-toned bell. The effigy of Old Age passed on and disappeared at the appearance of Death, and then all was quiet for the next quarter of an hour. What an object lesson is that clock to the great pro-

cession of human beings constantly passing before it! What a monitor of the flight of our short years. Yet the solemn aisles close at hand ever invite to the worship of Him who is "from everlasting to everlasting."

I lingered near the altar awhile, then walked down through the nave, then out of it to return by a different entrance. "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, good-will to men; Thy kingdom come!"—such was the anthem my spirit sang.

In framing that cathedral, men did their best in the name of religion. And did not their work tend toward the uplifting of each heart that in singleness of purpose there turns its aspirations above, toward the "high and holy place"? It was to me a "gate of heaven."

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### IN THE LAND OF SILVER MARKS AND COPPER PFENNIGS.

We hastened on to Heidelberg, and dined at the Hôtel de l'Europe. Then "we three," with Messrs. H. and S., rode up to Heidelberg Castle, which proved far beyond expectation in extent and in marks of former grandeur. Stately and noble in ruins even is the rich façade with the statues still erect in their niches, standing like guards transfigured into stone. How strong the fortified walls must have seemed, ranging to a thickness of twenty-one feet, and enclosing space enough to receive almost the population of a town in time of siege. Yet time and war had conquered and laid waste what seemed so impregnable. We roved about with wandering eyes. I remained long in a window nook, gazing at a scene of peculiar beauty and suggestiveness. The sun's declining beams shone out beneath clouds, giving a pearly glow to the breeze-swayed smoke from the chimney-tops of the city below the heights, and lighted up the river and distant country. I leaned out and looked up at the dismantled walls, through whose openings the sky opposite was visible. I thought of the knights, ladies, and children who had lived here, long, long ago. We admired the "rare old ivies" with massive roots, that curtain with ever fresh grace and verdure the halls once gay with old-time tapestries. Among their shades cawing rooks fly fearlessly, and nests are built by little birds so tame that when I sang to one, it came hopping toward me. We passed through gloomy cellars, emerging into shady dells and bowers whose stories must have been romantic and thrilling; and we made new discoveries at every turn. At last Mrs. M. and I found ourselves quite separated from the others, and puzzled about the way. We smiled at first at the thought of spending the night among those labyrinths; but she decided to go in search of missing ones. I stayed alone to watch for them in one direction, while she

went in another. It was pleasant to see one of our modern Sir Knights draw near and gallantly take us in charge. Meanwhile a shower gathered and night enveloped us before we were all safely collected on the piazza of the hotel, recounting the tale of our wanderings and strayings at old Heidelberg.

On Saturday our gentlemen friends went to Wiesbaden, while we ladies went to spend Sunday at Mayence. The way was through a productive country, walled by mountains on the west. On the east we saw the city of Worms in the distance. At Darmstadt, where we lunched, we noticed a monument to Liebig and one to Ludwig I. We took rooms at Mayence in the Hôtel de Hollande. Toward evening we took a long ride, visiting the statue of Schiller, and that of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, also his workshop, and birthplace. He was born A.D. 1398. In passing the palace once occupied by the Princess Alice of England, our intelligent driver, on pointing out the dreary-looking pile, said of her: "She was good." He added that the Grand Duke would probably marry his sister-in-law, Princess Beatrice. It is pleasant to learn, however, that another man than this already married one is found for her.

Fine gardens, many new buildings, and the grand tunnel near the suburbs, show modern enterprise; while farther on, the old Roman towers and burial-mounds attest the deeds of the past. We reached a terrace commanding a view of the island on which Gustavus Adolphus was born. From this place also, in clear weather, can be seen Frankfort-on-the-Main, Wiesbaden, and other towns.

On Sunday morning, we sought the place of worship, or as it is called in Germany, the *Lokal* of the Baptists of Mayence. We were threading our way through a narrow street in the wrong neighborhood, when, having asked our direction at the open window of a house, a man there who was a Romanist, cheerfully offered to show us to the place, as he said he had once lived in the same building with the *Lokal*. He left us at the door of the "little upper room," where we found a band of worshippers on their knees. They represented the branch of nineteen members, whose head station was at Worms, where the church numbers sixty. We heard an earnest sermon from the pastor, Mr. Müller. At the close of the service he talked with us, and, with another gentleman, conducted us to the great cathedral or Dom. This was built in the tenth century, and has been partially destroyed three times. It is crowded with "graven images," some of which are so rude and grotesque, one cannot tell what they were intended to represent. The immense nave did not appear solemn to my mind, like that of Strasburg Cathedral.

Pastor Müller, a fine-looking, dark-complexioned man of about forty-five years, said he was baptized over twenty years before, in the Rhine, "shöne basin!" he added, meaning that it was a beautiful font. He said that the large edifice near the Dom, and now

used for Protestant worship, was formerly a part of the Romish church property, and contains a baptistery anciently used for immersion, but now covered, like the sacred symbol for which it was prepared. The pastor and his friend attended us to our hotel, and showed a hearty appreciation of our visit to their *Lokal.*

Next morning we were off on a steamboat for Cologne. Our friends—the Iowa gentlemen, soon joined us, coming up from Wiesbaden. The Rhine with its bordering vineyards, its cliffs, cities and villages, its wild rocky heights and dells, was slowly revealing its renowned pageantry, so enchanting to the mind. Castles and castles! each with its legend and its history, the last often so blending and melting into the first, through the long, dim retrospect of centuries, as to be lost in its romance or its mystery. Some bear plain marks of flame and violence, some are mere broken shells, like Drachenfels, and some have been restored from ruin, like the great Fortress Ehrenbreitstein opposite Coblentz.

Of course we gazed with interest at "Bingen on the Rhine," the Mouse Tower, and the Lorelei Cliff. In contrast with Roman wall and fastness, or fortress recalling the presence of Rudolph of Hapsburg, or Henry IV., rises on a height of the Neiderwald, that bronze monument of present times which commemorates the German National Unity.

How many a turbulent scene has been reflected in the winding Rhine! How have its shores everywhere resounded with the "clash of arms," or been trampled by the feet of hosts contending for supremacy. But now the land is tranquil. Its principal cities increase in extent and beauty. The people rejoice in the victories of Kaiser Wilhelm, and are bound together by their love for his royal line. Yet everywhere is vigilance and military discipline. Strong fortifications and carefully drilled soldiers suggest the possibilities of new dangers and fresh conflicts. A squadron of cavalry or a company of infantry in their becoming uniforms, their sturdy figures well matched in height and build, are ordinary features of the streets of German cities. The soldiers march to church on Sundays in military order and array. As each young man is required to serve in the army from one to three years, he gains a straight, fine carriage often noticeable in after life. From what he sees there, a stranger is impressed with the idea that the German nation would be most formidable to an invading or opposing power. And yet many believe the cost of maintaining its standing army too great to be counter-balanced even by the valuable individual discipline and imposing protection of its martial system.

## CHAPTER XIV.

PARTING.—HUNTING BAPTISTS.—NORTHWARD BOUND.

Soon after passing the university town of Bonn, we drew near the ancient city of Cologne, founded in the first century by a Roman colony, under the patronage of the Empress Agrippina. It contains not far from one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and has very strong defenses. We landed near the Bridge of Boats, and were soon in close proximity to the great cathedral, whose five hundred elaborate towers had been seen when far in the distance, lifting their pale fretted spires high above all surrounding objects. After a short stay within its walls, we visited some of the stores near by, where cologne water is sold, or photographs of the cathedral and various other views attractively displayed. We took tea at the Hôtel d'Hollande, close beside the Rhine, and then enjoyed an evening ride, during which we viewed the cathedral by "pale moonlight," whose soft splendor so fittingly clothes such an architectural witness to the enduring qualities of true beauty, and the unity of human capacity to appreciate them through all ages.

We passed the Museum and Rathhaus, and rode through the old Roman gate to the enlarged modern boundary of the city. At Neumarket we were shown the two white horses' heads looking from their window, in commemoration of a strange legend. The story is that a beloved wife, having been entombed in a swoon, returned to her husband's house, begging to be admitted. He was so sure that she was not indeed his wife, that he declared it was as impossible as for his horses to come up-stairs and look from the windows. Immediately the horses did ascend the stairs and look forth, as if to confirm the wife's word; and her joyful husband received her again to his home.

At night, my pleasant room looked out on the illuminated Rhine, and music floated in to add enchantment to the scene. In the morning I bade good-by to the last of the six American friends who had accompanied me to Cologne. All were bound for England, though not by the same route, and I was now truly alone in Germany.

Paying an early visit to the cathedral, I this time heard prayers murmured by the robed priests, and listened to the organ tones pealing and echoing through the vast temple, while morning beams streamed in through the rich windows. After gazing long about the place, I came slowly forth, and after many windings about the streets, entered the church—once called the Convent of St. Ursula, where are kept the bones of the eleven thousand virgins slain by Attila, during their pilgrimage to the Holy Land. These bones are displayed in the sides of a chapel, some of them being arranged to form various devices; while skulls in crimson and gilt

trappings stand in rows on shelves. The bones of St. Ursula's foot, and some other relics, are especially reverenced; and there is shown a cracked jar, not much larger than an ordinary toilet pitcher, said to be one of the water-pots used for wine at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. A constant flow of the money of Protestants like me, is passing into the Romanist coffers for a sight of these relics; while our own struggling European churches would be so gladdened by similar gifts!

One of the most striking objects of the streets of Cologne is the monument of King Frederick William III. in the Hay-market. There one sees not only an equestrian statue of the King, but also statues of distinguished generals and statesmen of Germany.

In the afternoon, I succeeded in finding and visiting the Baptist *Lokal* of Cologne. A woman near by, who held the key, allowed me to look within the neat little chapel, and directed me to the house of Herr Peter Kauer, one of the members. I found his house No. 19 Strasburg Gasse, and making myself known to himself and his wife as an American Baptist, was warmly welcomed. He was baptized in the Rhine at Worms. His wife had been a Baptist twenty-one years. They told me there were Baptists at Coblentz, and said there were two families at Muhlheim, a village just across the Rhine, where I could learn much about church matters, in the English language. As they insisted on giving me the address of Herr August Kohl, of Muhlheim, and as Frau Kauer proposed going as far as the ferry with me, I could not refuse to go over. My excursion proved an adventurous one and quite unsuccessful; I wandered through the streets of Muhlheim, showing the written address, and asking direction of people, till I began to be tired, and in need of supper. At the restaurant where I ate it, I was told that August Kohl had moved into another street. I sought this out and was directed by a woman to a workman named Kohl, who informed me that there were no Baptists in his family, nor was there at present an August Kohl in Muhlheim. This man, attired in a mechanic's apron, had a dark piercing eye, lighting up a noble physiognomy that might have suited the character of a Peter. I thought he might have made a fine Baptist, but he was not one. So I gave up my search, sought the bank of the Rhine, and embarked on the little steamer. A violent thunder-storm arose and beat under the light awning that sheltered the passengers. But my hotel was not far from the landing-place, and I ran in through its rear entrance about nightfall, glad to escape with only a partial wetting. The landlord sitting near the upper staircase, seemed pleased to converse a little, and after learning of my expedition, answered my inquiries about a trip to Holland. He advised me to see some of its famous cities, where the sea brings its cargoes to the very doors of the warehouses, as at Rotterdam, or where merchants, enriched from the East India trade, enjoy their fine villas, as at Arnheim. He advised me also about my course, and promised to give me the

next day the name of a good hotel, where his influence would secure kindness and courtesy.

The next day found me journeying by train across the plains of Upper Germany, and passing into Holland as far as the beautiful city of Arnheim. A very pleasant Dutch lady in the car, who could speak at least four languages, told me many interesting things. At the stations where we stopped by the way, were many women wearing strange looking caps with gold ornaments and silver helmets of very awkward conspicuous styles. The lady said these were often valued very highly as heir-looms, besides being of intrinsic worth. She informed me that the Dutch literature was really very rich, though little known to English-speaking people. The most celebrated Dutch poet is, doubtless Vondel, whose statue is in the Vondel Park at Amsterdam. The train was ferried over the Rhine at Cleve, where we passed through a Custom House, and started on over lands, which are low and would be monotonous, but for Nature's wonderful variations in light and color, and the effects of great industry among the people. One notices often, in passing a town there, how nobly will rise in its midst some great church as a central object. My mind that day dwelt much on far distant and contrasting scenes, especially recalling the beautiful and picturesque little city of New England, where I have spent most of my past life. My meditations ran thus:

Hastening on, a lonely stranger,
With the loud and flying trains,
Where the red-tiled roofs of Holland
Slope along her flowery plains;
With the wind-sped mills in distance,
And a city here and there,
I am dreaming of a picture
In a land more dear and fair.

In the borders of New England,
I can see a little town,
Where the rivers wind as lovely
As these streams of old renown.
There the wooded cliff and valley
Frame the homes of friends I love,
With a verdure bright as Europe's,
And as near the skies above.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### AMONG DIKES AND DITCHES.

After dinner at the Hôtel du Soleil at Arnheim, I started out with a Dutch driver for a long ride. The man seemed to comprehend a little German, and pointed out to me some of the prominent public buildings of the thriving town. We rode by some pleasant gardens and villas; one of these last I recall particularly.

It was on the banks of a clear canal, with white fowl swimming on the water, and trees embowering the borders of the stream. But much to my surprise, we struck out on a lonely road and were at length leaving all the habitations of people behind us, as we entered a grove by a narrow muddy lane. A company of soldiers were returning to their barracks, a few people were going to the city; but none went our way. I leaned out and addressed a young man who was attending two or three young girls from some rural excursion, into the city, and asked him if there was anything of interest to be anticipated in the direction I was riding. He assured me in French that there was; and after a few pleasant words that I did not comprehend, and a few with the driver, he smilingly passed on, leaving me a little relieved of the anxiety that had sprung up in my mind. But when farther on, the driver, stopping beside a raised flat stone which he called a Tafeln or Table, came to the side of the carriage and insisted that I should alight, I was seized with such terror that the honest Dutchman, seeing my alarm, suddenly exclaimed *ye wohl!* and returning to his box, as I begged to be taken back to the *Stadt* or city, turned his horses in that direction, and repeating to himself, "Die frau nicht verstehen," drove out of the grove. But as we re-entered the streets now brilliantly lighted for the evening, I had no heart for further explorations, and was glad to reach once more the Hôtel du Soleil. The portier explained to me that I had been taken to view the stone table which visitors were eager to see, as it was the place at which the Spaniards used to feast in the year 1400 A.D. To my excited imagination, it might have been a stone on which the old Druids slew their human sacrifices. The portier told me that Holland was an honest place, "very different from America, where people are robbed and murdered!" while the Dutch driver in whose care I had been placed would have taken me safely even to Brussels. I found frequent evidences, while on the continent, that by many of the conservative people America is not flatteringly regarded. A good lady in Germany told me that she looked on America as a rendezvous for incorrigible sons and criminals, and she evidently feared its influences over the better classes who had emigrated to the United States. I used to search the Swiss newspapers for tidings from my own land, to be rewarded with very scant allusions to its affairs, and these not at all complimentary. About all the items of American news that reached me for weeks in the Swiss columns were these: A hurricane accident; some accounts of Mr. Webb's rash and fatal adventure at Niagara, with comments about the craving of American minds for such insane performances; and an article asserting that in New York there were as many as fifty offices for the *sale* of children, the applicants for whom were very fastidious as to the color of the hair and eyes! But perhaps I was nowhere more surprised at the way the United States were regarded, than at the International Exhibition at Amsterdam. To this city a morning train

from Arnheim brought me through a "Low Country" indeed. Towns were numerous; but a part of the way was by a region carpeted in a pinkish sort of plant, and dotted over with small evergreen trees.

There was connected with the International Exposition, a Stranger's Bureau, designed to furnish protection and entertainment for visitors. I sought out its agent at the *Spoorweg* or railway station, on arriving in Amsterdam, and after examining his chart, selected the address of a private family, who lived in the heart of the city. By the agent's direction, I took a tramway to the Dam, or great central square, from which the city lines diverge; and then by means of a written line and by inquiring my way, finally reached my destination. On entering the house, which belonged to a carriage-builder, I was shown into his presence by a young woman, who retired, leaving me vainly trying to explain my wishes by speech, or the card of the Bureau which I held in my hand. The man in a high workman's apron with his large meerschaum between his teeth, looked blankly first at me and then at the card, until I asked to see Madam. The wife's appearance was prepossessing; but we were still at sea in reference to language, when a young workman who spoke French was called in to act as our interpreter. All was soon arranged. The wife, Frow N., brought into the family parlor, which was placed at my disposal, coffee, bread and butter, with thin layers of cheese on each slice of bread. Her pretty daughter assisted to entertain me. It was pleasant to find myself among evidently honest people, who spared no pains to make me comfortable. After a short rest, I went out, and through a dry-goods merchant who spoke English found my way to the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas. It was on the Herrengracht—a fine thoroughfare consisting of a broad canal, with paved streets on either side, shaded by trees. It was past bank hours, but I was admitted, and furnished with some Dutch money on my letter of credit, as well as pleasant replies to various inquiries. I was soon on my way to *De Brakke Grond*, the place of the International Colonial and Export Exhibition. The grand main entrance to this Exposition was in imposing Oriental style, gorgeous with statues, flags, representations of Indian tapestry and white elephants and horses. The Colonial exhibits were ample, as might be expected in a land so largely enriched from its foreign possessions. Among the nations most magnificently represented were China and France. I first found the flag of the United States over what was termed the "Mormon Exhibition," in a small section shared with that of Egypt. I sat down there on a little platform within range of the midnight eyes of a finely robed, olive-cheeked Egyptian, surprised that the ensign of my own broad Christian land should wave thus narrowly beside that of the "basest of kingdoms," and above a title so repugnant and disgraceful as that of Mormon. The display here consisted mostly of mining specimens and photographs from Utah, Idaho, and Montana. It seems to have been furnished

through the influence of a Mr. Zeehandelaar, a Dutch gentleman reputed to have made great exertions for bringing the resources of the mines of Utah before the nations of Europe. Making a farther search, I at length discovered, in the great machine gallery, another section devoted to the United States. It contained a very useful and respectable array of machines. The word *American* at the Exposition was likely to suggest the regions of Canada or South America, quite as soon as those of our own Republic.

Refreshed by an excellent cup of tea served free by a tall native of India in his own flowing costume, and by a lunch, I prolonged my researches at pleasure, among the mazes of curious and elegant treasure galleries, until very tired. I then found a train which took me to the door of my lodgings, where the Frow N. looked out to welcome me as I alighted. In the morning I took leave of the kind N. family, to whom my presence was, I believe, a kind of mystery, as illustrated by the wondering look at me through the half-open parlor door, that I once caught sight of on the father's face.

I "made much" of the day in sight-seeing, visiting first the palace of the King of Holland, through whose halls I was shown, with several other persons. Here Louis Bonaparte and his wife Hortense had lived. I was shown his bed-chamber, which had also at one time been occupied by his brother Napoleon I. The palace contains many rooms whose artistic adornments are very interesting. Greek marbles, superb paintings, tapestry, and embroidery are abundant, and yet there is no crowding of furniture, or appearance of the bazaar style of display. Some frescoes by Dewitt on the wall of the fine dining-room called the smaller, in contrast with that which is much longer, were such perfect representations of high-relief, that it was hard to be convinced they were only paintings on a flat surface. In the grand Hall for Ambassadors were many shattered battle-flags.

From the top of the American Hotel I saw the city spreading around and outward toward the Zuyder Zee. Going from this hotel to the Trippenhuis, I enjoyed a feast among the paintings of Dutch masters. Here one learns what visions filled the brain of Van Dyke, Rubens, Rembrandt, and many other souls. Among all the pictures, however, none more impressed me than one called "The Adoration of the Shepherds," with the Virgin's expressive face, and the *real* look of the child.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### BY THE RIVER-SIDE, AND AMONG SHADOWS ON THE LAKE.

My afternoon ride over the level lands between Amsterdam and Rotterdam was a welcome variation from the day's programme of city explorations. My room at the Hotel Lucas, at Rotterdam, was quite near the old Groote Kerke, whose chimes rang beauti-

fully out over my folding French window. As this opened on a balcony connected with other rooms, I felt uneasy, since I could not fasten it, but a talk with the Dutch chambermaid reassured me, though it was strange how we managed to understand one another. From nearly all the people I met in Holland, I received an impression of honesty and kindness; and I can recall instances of disinterested painstaking in my behalf, during my stay there. Indeed, in all my journeyings on the continent, I was aggrieved by scarcely any treatment that a farther knowledge of customs or motives did not prove to have been misjudged, owing to my own ignorance or mistake.

And how often are misunderstandings of motives, rather than motives themselves, the primary causes of bitterness and strife among friends, as well as strangers everywhere! To "think no evil" until we really find it present, will prevent many needless trials.

While passing through a street of Rotterdam, I was amused to hear a young man say to his companion, at the same time casting a sly glance at me—"America!" A twilight walk, during which I observed a statue of Erasmus, one or two tramway excursions, and a carriage ride along the Boompjes with a driver who worried me sadly over his impatience for pay and *drink money*, when I could not get my gold changed at once into *gulden*, did not serve to attach me to Rotterdam so closely but that I was glad to fly on a very rapid train down into Germany, where the language was more familiar, and where I could get further glimpses of Rhine scenery. But no doubt had I been an adventurous merchant, or even an enterprising smuggler, I should have been fascinated by the Boompjes, where vessels that have passed through many waves rest, *like tamed leviathans, under the shade of city* trees.*

Saturday afternoon I reached Coblentz on the Rhine, and took a room at the Hôtel du Géant, opposite to Ehrenbreitstein, and close to the Rhine banks. There at dinner on Sunday I saw many officers of the German army, intelligent-looking men of gentlemanly bearing. Mrs. M., an English lady, who was an artist, and her bright little daughter were among the guests. Mrs. M. added much to the interest of my stay by her sprightly conversation. She had been, early in life, the pupil and pet of a certain man of genius and learning, of whom she told me a striking story, that to me illustrated the responsibility laid on minds like his in respect to their private personal influence. He had petted her in a marked and persevering manner, and allowed his gifted nature to cast a potent charm over her young life. Then suddenly, and at a

* The word *Boompjes* means *Little Trees*. In the language of another, "the Boompjes is a beautiful quay, one and a half mile in length, shaded by a row of elms which were planted in 1615. It faces the river Maas, and is flanked by fine buildings. The river here is forty feet in depth, and the canals, three in number, are of sufficient depth to admit of vessels discharging in the heart of Rotterdam."

moment when there seemed no need of such a step, he had written her a most cutting and inexplicable note, from the shock of which her sensibilities had scarcely yet recovered. How much better the course of those who choose to appear cold and unsympathetic, rather than entertain themselves by sporting with susceptible dispositions! and most dispositions that are sufficiently interesting to be entertaining are susceptible enough to suffer, though they may carefully hide their wounds.

I attended services twice on Sunday at the Baptist Lokal, No. 40 Ecke der Freiderich Strasse. The portier of the hotel, being a neighbor of Pastor Stetschuler, had sent word to his house that I had asked for his place of worship. And so the pastor's daughter Mina, fifteen years old and recently baptized, came to escort me there. The morning sermon was on the future life, from David's words about his dead child—"I shall go to him." After service, I was cordially greeted, and invited to dine at the pastor's house. This I declined to do, but called there for a few minutes. The afternoon text was "My sheep hear my voice; and I know them, and they follow me." One of the hymns sung that day was by Lehmann, one of the Baptist pioneers of Germany. Another was about the River of Life, and its imagery was delightful to me there on the borders of the Rhine, where, under spreading trees, stretched near-by the long lovely promenade of the Anlagen der Rhine. "Shall we gather at the river," in German words, was sung at the closing in the old tune so familiar to American ears. I see that the "Moody and Sankey" hymns, translated, are finding much favor in Europe. The Coblentz Baptist station numbered twenty members. Their plain little "upper room" was the gift of a Scotch lady now dead, who once resided at Coblentz.

At the close of the second meeting, four young soldiers in their bright uniforms, a sister from Bavaria, a brother named Altorf, and Mina Stetschuler started forth with me, but at last three of the soldiers went their way, and I was accompanied in a walk along the park, or Anlagen, by the rest of the party, who seemed to regard their foreign sister with much kindness. On our return toward my hotel, Brother Altorf told me of the deep poverty of the Coblentz members. They are evidently obliged to work hard for their daily bread, this being the case even, as I surmised, with their pastor.

The next morning Mina came again, bringing to me as a *souvenir* of Coblentz, an embroidered cushion. We went to the church of St. Castor, where the kingdom of Charlemagne was divided among his descendants probably A.D. 839. Mrs. M. and her child went with us there, and seemed much to admire the proportions of the ancient edifice. As we came out, she said in reply to a sentence of mine in which had occurred the word *truth*—"What is truth?" I replied, "Christ." We soon parted, probably forever; but I would gladly have known more of this charm-

ing lady. Mina rode with me to the railway station, and really seemed sad at parting.

My journey to Lucerne, which I reached late at night, was exceedingly fatiguing. At first, pleasant travelling companions and a sight of many picturesque and storied situations were diverting. But we are very dependent on our bread and butter for the sustenance of admiring moods; and a single sandwich was all the food I could obtain during the long and changeful journey. At Bâle, I was much perplexed about my course. The way thence to Lucerne by moonlight was through grand scenery; yet I could not enjoy it. But after a good night's rest, and a meal or two at the Swan Hotel, I was ready to start for the Rigi, by taking a steamboat for Vitznau, whence the train ascends the mountain. The sail over the fair Lake of the Four Cantons was greatly marred by the tragic death of a fellow-passenger. He was a prisoner, being remanded to his own people in the care of an officer, from whom he burst away, to drown himself. I saw some excited faces on the lower deck, and noticed that the boat put about for a few minutes, but was unaware of the cause until we were near Vitznau.

The thought came to my mind—Could not kind words and sympathy have saved him? I questioned whether my own countrymen would not have devised some way to save him even while he was sinking. Would there not have been found brave swimmers to have snatched him from death on an American lake? But alas! *our* foremost swimmer cast his life from him more unprovokedly than this despairing captive.

The lake was saddened for me. A shade as from despair's dark wing hovered between its mountain gate-ways; and Mount Pilatus with its suggestion of the suicide of the Roman Governor, was in keeping with the sombre reflections of my thoughts, as I started on the climbing railway for Rigi Kulm. Beautiful lakes and rivers, mountains and vales of earth! It was needful, since the "trail of the serpent is over you all," that the bruiser of the serpent's head should place his torn feet gently upon you. Oh! that men, in their dark paroxysms of doubt and dread, would wait to remember this; that looking on Him who was uplifted for us all, they might be instantly and forever healed from the serpent's fiery sting!

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE MOUNTAIN PULPIT.—"SERMONS IN STONES."

On the exalted crest of Rigi Kulm, I waited for an hour or more. It was a restful opportunity to review the letters I had found waiting for me at the Swan Hotel. The next down train for Rigi Klösterli took me quite near the Hôtel de l'Epée, where

I found, as I expected, Fräulein C., a friend of Dr. Y. She welcomed me kindly, and was my frequent companion during my ten days' stay at Klösterli. Her native land was a province of Russia, but she counted herself a German. As she spoke English but imperfectly, our mixed conversation was often most laughable; and Fräulein was very candid in her criticism of my German. There were few besides Germans at our hotel, and at table we were surrounded by a very social party from the Fatherland. Next me on my right sat Dr. H., from Bonn, Doctor of Chemistry. Although he had several languages at his command, English was not in his *repertoire*. So we had frequent difficulties in the way of conversing that were amusing on the whole.

Fräulein was an accomplished musician; and as there were other good performers there besides herself, we had fine music at times. One evening we were treated to Swiss songs by a quartette in the costumes of the country. One of their instruments was the zithern, which furnishes a fitting accompaniment to the melodies of the Alpine lands. The basso had a wonderful voice; it seemed to me equal to that of Whitney in natural compass. Sometimes wild mountain shouts were introduced among the sweet measures of the songs.

Frau Doctor K., of Vienna, entertained a party of us, one evening, by singing in the open air some of the many choice melodies which she could sing from memory, in a strong cultured voice. She closed with "Ave sanctissima!" in a familiar tune, wishing us all to join in it at parting. I could not conscientiously invoke the prayers even of her who is "blessed among women." Being led to confess this in an after interview, I was delighted to find the Frau Doctor had not intended the hymn as a prayer, but had rather sung it as a melody for its sweetness. She affirmed that, though a Roman Catholic, she did not believe in the adoration of the Virgin; but took also great delight in the New Testament, which she had given to various friends. "I shall continue to promulgate it," she said.

The Sunday previous, I had been urging Fräulein C., who is an earnest Protestant Christian, of very exemplary life, to pray for the Romanists in expectation of blessing; and the confession of this gifted Catholic lady, whose character is marked by influential traits, seemed to me a token of Divine readiness to hear such prayer.

Fräulein C. and I attended the Roman Catholic service on Sunday in the beautiful chapel at Rigi Klösterli, and heard preaching by a Capucine friar, on the story of Zaccheus, when he was called to come down from the tree, and receive Christ at his home. I was surprised to hear the application of the subject in such a place, made by such a preacher. The friar likened Zaccheus' stature to the lowly mind with which Christ should be received in our hearts at the present day. But although his preaching was so practical and, as far as I understood it, orthodox, there was

much about the church and the remaining exercises to counterbalance his teachings. High mass was celebrated, and the day observed in commemoration of the dedication of the chapel two hundred years before, not to God, but, I fear, to Mary. In its vestibule were many votive tablets and offerings in the shape of waxen arms, feet, etc., to praise Mary for deliverance from various forms of disease or affliction.

Frau Doctor K. had a friend, Fräulein Julie B., at the hotel, who like herself was very kind to the American wanderer. She with her sister conducted a boarding-school for girls—Institute B.—at Freiburg in Baden, Germany, and had several of her pupils with her on the Rigi. With her and other ladies, I made many pleasant excursions, finding new objects of interest at every side. We visited one day a large cave inhabited by a cow-herd, and called the "Hermitage." It was a wild, deep chasm beneath a frowning precipice, over which falls a cascade. A part of the cave is allotted to the cattle; but its recesses would have sheltered and concealed from view a wandering David with a large retinue of adherents.

Among the Rigi views which I most enjoyed was that from Känzeli above Kaltbad, at sunset. Fräulein C. and I had walked over from the hotel, passed among the labyrinthine formations of Nagelfluh, which form wild retreats near Kaltbad, sat awhile in the little chapel hidden among them, and then gone on to Känzeli, or as it is well named, the Mountain Pulpit. Here we saw Day's parting glory flooding lake and cloud and lofty height. It was a new revelation of beauty, calling to mind Milton's sublime words:

> "These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
> Almighty! Thine this universal frame."

We thought and talked of the glory of heaven to be revealed when the shadows of earth shall have flown away. How specious, how to be despised seemed all the sham pageants that wait on transgression. Such draperies of shining clouds, such scenes of natural beauty were not arranged to be fitting accessories of false and evil actions on the stage of human life. Slowly we took our "winding way" from Känzeli. Even the beggars had left the path that turned into the more sheltered Klösterli, and passing by its tall dark fir-trees, led us safely to our hotel; where we found the guests at dinner.

The Rigi is largely formed of Nagelfluh, a conglomerate rock composed of variegated pebbles so firmly cemented by a lime mortar that the pebbles will often break in pieces before the cement will yield. My attention was constantly attracted to the pretty stones about our pathway; so that Fräulein C. laughingly imitated the way in which, passing by flowers, I would point out a stone say-

ing, "Oh, see that stone!" She seemed to think this quite amusing.

One morning I rose early to take leave of this friend and Dr. H., who was to accompany her to the station at Kaltbad, where she took a train. Soon after, with Fräulein B. and her pupils, I also took a train to Staffel, whence after an hour or two of delay, we were to start for Lucerne. My companions left me alone at Staffel, as they wished to take a ramble. But quite to my surprise, Dr. H. appeared, having walked up from Kaltbad, to "see me off." The morning view was glorious. We strolled, as the Doctor said, "hin und wieder," with grandeur and majesty on every side; above us white rolling clouds floating in their blue element, on one hand far below us the ocean of verdant land with its liquid dottings, and on the other, the long ranges of snow mountains whose peaks often seem to blend with the illuminated vapors around them. It was a scene to dwell in the recollection, and a fitting one in which to talk of "steps up to heaven." The Doctor bade me take a parting look at Rigi-Klösterli, lying "so still" in distance, my companions came, the smart little engine puffed, and the Rigi with its wildness, grandeur, and beauty was soon behind me. At Vitznau, we rested at a pleasant Pension, and then took the steamboat for Lucerne, where Fräulein B. and her pleasant pupils left for Freiburg, Germany, giving me an invitation to follow them there and spend some time at Institute B., when I should have finished my stay in Switzerland.

At Lucerne, I stopped this time at the Hôtel Wilden Mann, a quiet place for ladies, and where Fräulein B. is well known. I had now time to pass leisurely through one of the old covered bridges of the town, where paintings and mottoes thickly set overhead, represent histories of the old families of Lucerne, and legends of ancient days. I visited the "Glacier-garden," and stayed long in its shades, where records of primeval ages are engraved in the enduring rock, and tell their stories of tropical heat and icy cold, in unmistakable characters. I saw the old bas-relief by General Pfeiffer, inventor of that style of decoration.

At a store in the city, where I bought a few German tracts and a Testament, I found that there were about thirty Protestant Evangelical Christians in Lucerne, the residents being mostly Romanists. The store-keeper's wife said that there were two Baptists there; but they had gone away. She told me that her husband was accustomed to spend half the year as a colporteur. She was a Presbyterian.

I found the German tracts for the children excellent.

While I was waiting to attend an organ concert in the Catholic Church called the "Stiftskirche," in the churchyard, which is said to resemble the Italian "Campo Santa," a beautiful little child attracted my notice. He was in the care of a young girl who seemed very kind to him. I gave him a little pictured tract and passed on. We met again, presently, when the maid looking up

from the leaflet, said, "This is fine reading." I heard at length the grand organ, said to be one of the finest. Among the pieces rendered was the celebrated "Storm among the Alps." Its notes closely imitated a storm, with thunder and rain. The next day I returned to Montreux.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CHESTNUT GROVES AND "CASTLES IN THE AIR."

I FOUND on returning to Madame Z. and her daughter, that they had been quite anxious in my absence. Madame had had "presentiments," and was now much relieved to know that I was safe. So "none of us liveth to himself," even away from home. I attended the French church on Sunday. On Monday I started to explore the windings of the Gorge du Chaudron, on the outskirts of Montreux; but after penetrating a short distance into its wild recesses, where terrible chasms yawn beneath frowning crags, like Sinai's cliffs, I retreated tremblingly, as did Bunyan's Pilgrim from the mountain of the law that overhung his head, and went back to the streets of the town, content to look in at the shop-windows. At evening a Parisian lady entertained me at Pension Visinand, with music and conversation. She thought the United States suited to a republican form of government, but evidently believed it was not so with France. She wondered if the Mississippi did not run near New York; but I shall not say what blunder of mine she had to correct. The next morning Mademoiselle Z. and I enjoyed a quiet visit to the church-yard, where she told me of her cheerful faith in the guidance of God. I left her to take the train for Chiétre-sur-Bex, to which place she was intending to follow me with her mother in the course of a few days. As they remained unable to leave home, however, I have never met these dear friends since that time.

The railway from Montreux to Bex passes along a valley so smoothly level, that it is easy to imagine its soil as the deposit of a primeval lake, whose waters calmly subsided to the narrow bed now occupied by Lake Leman. At Bex a carriage was waiting to take me through one of the fine old chestnut groves that abound in that region, to the quiet Pension Moesching at Chiétre. Here I found pleasant society in two friends of Mademoiselle Z., the Baroness S. and Madame C. My window opened toward a snowy peak of the Dent du Midi, that seemed close at hand. Other snow-mountains towered off at the right, and between were lofty crags, terrible and gloomy in shadow, but often softened and illuminated by sun-rays that used to fall on airy vapors floating among their seamed masses; so that Madame C.'s fancy made their jagged tops serve as towers of her air castles. She playfully pointed out to us her

lighted apartments up there, with their cloud curtains, like gauze draperies fluttering on high. Of course we would not be outdone in this matter of "castles in the air," when there were so many of them still unclaimed in that region; but at once selected some of the grandest and most glittering for our own; yet, as there were no accessible flights leading to their sky-parlors, except the flights of imagination, we stayed bodily among the groves and vineyards of Chiétre. And these are delightful indeed, when the mountains around are bathed in sunlight, when the bells of the hamlets in the vales below are sending faint music abroad, and the rushing Rhone sparkles with the brightness of September's fairest smiles reflected on its tides of faintest emerald. Strolling out one day alone, I strayed into a vineyard, and tried to learn the secret of the productiveness of the Swiss vines. I saw that each vine is allowed its space of several feet, is supported fully, and tied with withes. It is allowed to grow scarcely higher than a tall shrub, and is trimmed very closely. The clusters of each vine are not crowded together, but full and rich. Growing on broad and lofty hillsides, the vines drink in the sunlight freely. Among these vines one can understand the Saviour's application of a figure familiar in so many lands: "Every branch in me that bareth not fruit, he taketh away: and every branch that bareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." The object of the vineyard is not spreading boughs so thick and leafy that they shut each other from the sun, and interlacing prevent fruit from ripening. The object rather is fruit, and that perfectly developed fruit. For this the cultivator toils early and late; for this he watches anxiously. So our Lord patiently cares for his vines, saying, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

As I walked that day, gathering wild flowers or noticing the tranquil scenes around me, I saw the haymakers at work. Butterflies were fluttering in the air, the crow uttered his wild notes, the snail was taking his time over his ordinary affairs, and so was the curious lizard, whom I was pleased to meet, though I did not care to shake hands with him.

On one occasion at Chiétre, we heard the "live thunder leap" among the Alps during the first chill storm of the season. It was pleasant to have the clouds roll away again, and enjoy the beautiful days that succeeded. One day I walked to St. Maurice, an old fortified town, not far from Chiétre. I lost my way at times during the excursion, though several people were very kind to give directions when asked. One of these was a man who was near a house, in the door of which were some little children, among whom was a sickly boy with a most pathetic expression on his pale face. There is at St. Maurice a remarkable resort, much frequented by travellers, but which I did not care to explore. A cavernous passage leads far into the mountain's dark interior to a hidden lake. This region is very wild and tempting to the adventurous. On Saturday I rode through Bex and beyond on the high

hills, whence one gains fine extensive views; then to the grand Hôtel des Salines, built, I learned, on a scale too extensive for financial success. Victor Hugo was to visit Bex about that time; though he may have been "so near," he was yet "so far" as to remain invisible to my eyes, that would gladly have looked on the noble old man who wrote the story of Jean Valjean with the power and pathos of a great soul warm with love and pity for the woes and aspirations of the oppressed and misunderstood poor.

There is an ivy-draped ruin in view of Chiêtre that lends a picturesque aspect to the landscape, and doubtless has some legend or interesting story. One of the family at Pension Moesching related to us the strange tale told in the neighborhood of an old church-yard far up on one of those mountains from which the land of Chiêtre is thought to have slidden down in some ancient period. It is said that on this height rings are seen attached to the rocks, where boats were made fast in long forgotten times! But I did not learn that any one living had climbed up to verify this statement.

The Baroness and I read German and English together daily. On Sunday, with Madame C., we attended the French National Church in Bex, and heard a solemn discourse on the communion. I started to return to our Pension alone, as the ladies wished to remain a few moments in the village, and I thought it would be pleasant to rest by the way and read some letters. But as was usual with me in that region, I missed my path, and made many false turnings, growing more and more disgusted with roving in strange lands, until, when pressing on toward the wooded heights before me, I suddenly espied the buff-colored parasol of the Baroness moving off to the right of my own course. Plunging toward that welcome beacon, I passed through clover blooms and over fresh-turned clods, and surprised my friends by coming up behind them. I soon recovered my spirits, and looked more kindly on the fair but bewildering scenes around us.

I paid a second visit to the place where I had seen the little children and their pale brother, this time taking for them some pictured story leaflets. Their mother was outside the house, and talked with me. She said she had many children, and seemed pleased with the little gifts. Having decided to visit Institute Blas at Freiburg, in Germany, I resolved to attempt the journey in one day. Madame C. and the Baroness S. went with me as far as to Montreux, and kindly assisted me in many things. Mademoiselle Z. was too ill to meet me; but sent her maid to the train with a farewell note. My baggage was brought to the station from Pension Visinand, and I was off without delay.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### AMONG SCHOOL-GIRLS AND LEARNED DOCTORS.

Two English ladies and a gentleman from Geneva rendered the day's ride somewhat social, and all had some useful suggestions to make. During conversation on various topics, the gentleman remarked that he was a Roman Catholic, but regarded the images used by that church as needed merely by uneducated minds. It was necessary to change trains at Bâle in Switzerland, ride to Basle in Germany, pass all baggage through the custom-house; and after a stay allowing for dinner, take the cars for Freiburg. There I arrived alone at a little past eleven P.M. At first, no one appeared, as expected, to escort me to the Institute B. But out among the drivers, who are not allowed near the trains, I found one, with a written paper in his hand, designed for me. In a few moments, Fräulein Julie B., with two of her pupils whom I had met at the Rigi, gave me a cordial welcome at Institute B., in Kaiserstrasse. After insisting that I should take some refreshments, they escorted me to "Freiburg feathers," as the Fräulein expressed it, and left me to needful repose in a room whose walls and bed had been strewn with vines in honor of my coming. In the morning little Julechen B. brought me a cluster of half-blown roses for my table. I looked out upon the airy and lace-like tower of the fine old Münster that forms the proudest object of architecture in the city, and soon, with two young girls, entered its lofty open vestibule, adorned with statues of saints and allegorical figures, and passed into the grandly beautiful sanctuary, which was afterward for me a favorite resort. We visited also another old church of quite an opposite style to that of this Gothic cathedral, its ceiling being flat, with frescoes in rich dark colors. Freiburg was founded in the year 1091, at which time Duke Berthold II., of Zähringen, erected new fortifications at the Schlossberg, over the remains of old Roman works, so many of which are still seen in and near the valley of the Rhine. A small colony then settled at the foot of the castle hill.

Freiburg has passed through many political changes. Its ancient gates, such as the "Martins Thor" and the "Schwaben Thor," remind us of olden days and customs; while the magnificent monument in the Kaiser-Wilhelms-Platz, erected in 1876, in honor of the valor of the army of Baden, in the Franco-Prussian War, commemorates the deeds of modern times. On the east, the city meets the Black Forest, into which it is easy to make excursions. Indeed, both on foot and by excellent roads, one can enjoy a great variety of vale and mountain tours, affording a long series of interesting views; while Strasburg, Stuttgart, and other cities of renown, are within convenient access. I made some

pleasant trips on foot with my school-girl friends, and as I was admitted to their evening circles and to the privileges of their class-rooms, it was almost like renewing my old school-days.

One evening a party of us walked up to the grove-crowned height of Saint Loretto, and looked forth on the fertile plains of Baden. Before us, in the distance, lay the long misty range of the Vosges mountains at the frontier of France. Behind us rose the fir-covered hills of the Black Forest, with the peaceful Günthers-Thal and its pretty village in the near foreground. On the left hand, was a picturesque scene—mountain, villa, dale, and hamlet lying in a dreamy haze, while the setting sun still glowed above the horizon from a parted drapery of clouds. On the right hand, the city of Freiburg spread from the base of the green Schlossberg along the valley of Baden, beyond which rises the ridge of the Kaiserstuhl Hills. Over its sloping tiled roofs towered its ancient cathedral or Münster, hovering, as a German writer has said, "like a swan with her younglings about her."

On another day we ascended the Schlossberg, from which we had extensive and pleasing views of the surrounding regions. This highland of the Schlossberg is cultured and adorned like a park, for the advantage of visitors, and yet its natural range and variety is too great to be easily explored. From whatever point one looks at Freiburg, one finds the Münster a striking and central point. This cathedral was begun in A.D. 1120.

The transept and two lesser towers are all that remain of the original structure. The principal tower was begun in the thirteenth century, but the cathedral was not completed till the sixteenth century. So we see it represents the united effort and fixed purpose of many generations—a purpose which frequent political convulsions could not overthrow. The Münster is now a masterpiece of Gothic architecture, and is said to be the only complete cathedral of that style in Germany. Its ancient windows are rich in coloring and intricate in design. It contains several monuments, and many statues and paintings. In one of the choir chapels may be found a picture by Hans Holbein the younger, and in the chapel of the Last Supper is a representation of this scene, with life-size figures. In their faces and attitudes these figures are very expressive, but they do not satisfy the "Americänerin," as far as most of them are concerned. The face of the beloved disciple especially has appeared to her weak, though that of Judas is full of strong character. But why should graven saints generally look as though they had run away from the field of human enterprise and hidden feebly in corners—or don't they look so to most people?

The Münster is built of dark sandstone, and its exterior is very rich in carving and statues, some of which are purposely grotesque. It rises from the market-place, massive, solemn, and grand with its centuries of history and associations. Its spire is four hundred and ten feet high, and is airy and graceful, its solid stones seeming at

a distance lace-like, as light is seen glinting through their frettings. On market-days, from the gayly clad crowd of peasants, here and there one will steal through its open doors into its cool, quiet precincts, and gazing up the vista of the heavily pillared aisles toward the high altar, kneel in silence. Does it not seem to them a very gateway of heaven, by which their forefathers entered and by which they and their children hope to pass? Some who are not of these have lately stolen into the Münster and prayed with the "saints of all ages," "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done," asking that light may shine forth where superstition now binds the heart, and that darkness may flee away.

Fräulein J. Blas said of the Münster of Freiburg: "It is remarkable not only for its antiquity and architectural beauty, but also for its origin and history. It was built not so much from the gifts of the few rich, as from the willing offerings of the many poor. Artisans gave their labor eagerly for the honor of working on its dome. Men came from distant places glad to contribute their best skill without moneyed compensation. And those who received wages, toiled at the very lowest price. Then through its long centuries, how many souls have there received their rites, have there looked for their last consolations!"

Once, on a starry night, we stood high up on the Schlossberg over against the Münster Tower, which seemed to rise with our ascent. Suddenly, above the sparkling city lying below us, the tower was flooded with golden light, streaming forth in an immense halo into the surrounding sky. Then, after an interval of darkness, the spire was again illuminated with an emerald brightness, whose radiations were almost fearful as they streamed toward the Ursa Major and the Northern Star. Again an interval of darkness, when a flaming red light flooded the graceful tapering tower, and glowed far and wide into surrounding space. "Ah," exclaimed a Fräulein at my side, "*red* is the grand color. It is the *fire*, it is the enthusiasm!" To my heart, the illuminated cathedral spire was an emblem of "the knowledge of the glory of the Lord," sure to "cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," and the sublime scene appeared to demand some anthem of gratitude, some doxology of praise to Him who shall yet by "His appearing" illumine all the darkness of this shadowed world.

Fräulein Julie B. trains her scholars in many things besides books. They learn to be helpful and very courteous to visitors, especially to those older than themselves; to assist in some household duties, to sew, and to be orderly and quiet in their deportment. They seemed, as a class, much less opinionated and headstrong than American girls in general. Their style of dress was much simpler. We ate four times a day at Institute B. Sometimes our four o'clock repast was taken in the garden, or in a summer-house with glass doors. One day, having ridden out to the pretty village of Gunters-Thal, the girls were left in my care to take their afternoon coffee on the grounds of a hotel. Fräulein

Julie requested me to be careful to select tables safe from the intrusion of any soldiers or students who might stray out from Freiburg. I did so, and we were eating merrily in the garden, when a sudden shower caused the girls to gather up their repast and hasten to the sheltered space, where, of course, the gentlemen and soldiers were so gallant as to assist in making room. "The best laid schemes" of teachers and Americänerins "gang aft a-gley"—but I think no flirtations occurred on that occasion. I was obliged to say to Fräulein, however, in answer to her inquiries, that I did not think it would be safe to repeat the experiment we had made, too often.

Freiburg is celebrated for the skill of its medical men. It has also other citizens distinguished for learning. A convention of scientists was assembled there during my stay, and I regretted not being able to accept an invitation to attend one of their sessions. At this meeting a report was given of researches made by an expedition fitted out in the interests of science, at the expense of a wealthy young gentleman who was present. I think he had been reckless and dissipated, but happily now had turned his attention to useful objects.

I enjoyed two evenings in the society of the learned Hofrath (or Court-Counsellor) Fischer, of Freiburg, who, as Fräulein (who is on very kind terms with him) informed me, has written a hundred books. On one occasion he played the piano, without notes, for a long time without interruption. On the other, he was occupied with the zithern, questioning some of the girls in regard to the tones, etc. Music is his recreation. He is tall, with a large head, deep-set eyes and shaggy iron-gray hair. He appears to be most candid and reliable in friendship, as well as conscientious in scholarship; but alas! as Fräulein sadly told me, he is not a believer in Christianity. Fräulein is herself a Romanist. In her school she has lectures on religion, by a Protestant minister, for the Protestant girls; and by a Romanist, for those of her own creed. Indeed, the classes are mostly under the care of professors who come at stated hours to the class-rooms, there being but two or three teachers resident in the house, these being ladies. This way of securing able instructors is an excellent one, and quite practicable in a city of learning like Freiburg.

There was a simple prayer before each meal, and thanksgiving after it; on Sunday night, Fräulein led in repeating the Lord's prayer, with a moment for silent devotion. I saw in her character such honesty, such rigorous truthfulness, such kindness and reverence for the truly sacred, I loved this Catholic sister. We had no controversy over differences, for they were not brought forward. As she is remembered, the Saviour's words come to mind, "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." One day, after attending a telephone concert, the school enjoyed a promenade in an open square, listening to fine music performed in honor of the distinguished scholars visiting Freiburg. The citizens were

out for a social time in true German fashion. We walked up and down in two bands, Fräulein heading one and the Hofrath the other. I had the honor of walking after this distinguished gentleman, as a soldier follows a commander, at a distance. Having, by many inquiries and some research, discovered the whereabouts of the Baptist Lokal, I made my way there on Sunday. It was in a short and not attractive street called Convictstrasse, a room in the second story of a dwelling-house. The congregation consisted of about twenty-five persons. The pastor, Herr Prediger Haag, was absent that day, preaching at a village where there are sixty Baptist members to whom also he acts as pastor. The preaching was by a brother who takes Herr Haag's place in his absence, and who gave me a kind greeting as we left the place. I was invited to visit at the pastor's house, and did so the next Saturday, finding himself and wife, and a sister E., who resides with them, at home. Pastor Haag is a Bavarian by birth, and speaks German with a peculiarly clear and correct enunciation. He began to preach very early in life; but became a Baptist in later years. Although he has been blind since the age of twelve, his presence is well fitted to inspire not pity, but a tender respect, that has in it somewhat of veneration, though he is not yet old. He seems well endowed with natural gifts, among which are common sense and an uncommon memory. He takes an American paper, and seems informed of current events. He reads raised text, having the Bible complete in this form. I learned from him that Baptist sentiments were first promulgated at the village, where most of his people live, by Prussian soldiers who came there at the call of war. The Church of Freiburg was formed thirteen years before my visit, though there had been a few Baptists there for many years previous.

Sister E. told me of the departed Lehmann, and also of Oncken, at that time aged and broken in mind at Zurich, but since dead. She said there were other evangelical workers in Freiburg, who requested to have an expression of fellowship from the Baptists. At this she rejoiced, thinking it would strengthen the influence of the little unknown band of Baptists to be recognized and supported by others who believe in spirituality above forms.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### "BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS."

On the last Sunday of my stay at Freiburg, I went to the cathedral, and remained standing awhile in the crowd who were listening to the discourse of a priest in showy robes. He spoke of Alexander I., a patron saint in whose honor the day was kept as a "high day." Brilliant banners were arrayed within the Münster,

and there was a rich display of sacerdotal vestments upon the priests. On one side stood a plumed and gilded bier supporting an image of the saint. This image was formerly borne about the city with a procession; but evidently the time for such a performance is past in Freiburg. Passing out I met a band of maidens in white, with crowns of white roses, and with long veils floating from their heads. In striking contrast with all these things, was the scene at the Baptist Lokal that morning, when Pastor Haag preached from John xiv. 21. Keeping close to his wonderful text, he heartily poured forth exhortation and comfort, exalting the love of Christ.

At his wife's earnest request, I went to their home at mid-day and dined with them. Their three sons are named Nathaniel, Joshua, and Titus, with reference to signification. It was beautiful to witness the quiet, tender manifestations of love and confidence toward the pastor in his own home. His excellent wife attends to the practical duties of their life in such a helpful, loving spirit, I did not wonder at the appreciation in which he spoke of the great blessing she was to him. When we parted he cordially expressed thanks for the visit, asked me to pray for him, and sent his warm greeting to the American brothers and sisters. An aged sister, too, who attended the morning meeting, sent her greeting to the American brothers and sisters. She was seventy-two years old, the last survivor of her family. She had been a Baptist twenty-six years. Pointing above, she said, "I shall soon depart."

When, on returning from the afternoon service, I reached the doors of Institute B., the situation was a little like that of Paul, when, as he records, "they brought us on our way with wives and children;" for I was accompanied by quite a delegation from the friends, all eager to catch a parting word, and one, a bright youth, wishing he too were going to America.

Two days afterward, I parted from the kind friends at Institute B., and began my journey to Paris. Fräulein wished for me God's blessing in a most loving way. Her sister rode to the station, and helped me with my arrangements thoughtfully. I left Freiburg laden with rich memories, but still, as Fräulein Julie writes, a comparative stranger to the beauties lurking in those regions of the Black Forest, which I had but begun to explore. It rained as I entered the hotel at Strasburg, where I had been counselled to spend the night. But the rain proving but slight, I ventured out again to see the cathedral, which had afforded such delight on my previous visit. Not finding the way directly, I passed around by the Church of St. Thomas, that would have been an interesting study, had there been no greater attraction to draw me away. A monument to the honor of Gutenberg, in a little square, detained me awhile with its fine expressive statue, and bas-reliefs illustrating the results of the invention of printing, through Christian education. About its base, however, played very neglected-looking children.

A woman pushing a hand-cart through a narrow street, took much pains to see that I did not lose my path to the cathedral, after I had asked its direction. And so at length its façade, more magnificent and towering than recollection had pictured, rose in dark grandeur before me. It was getting dusky, and to enter the vast nave impressed the imagination for an instant with awe.

There was time to listen to the half-hour striking of the clock, and to witness the symbolism of youth passing over life's stage; then to wait or wander about until the three-quarter stroke, when the figure of the man appearing and vanishing at the inexorable summons of time, gave place to stillness and growing shadows.

It was a little past 6 A.M. as I rode out of Strasburg in a coupé for ladies. The day proved rather misty, and at nightfall it really rained. One of my travelling-companions could speak a little English, and engaged to assist me on reaching Paris as I might need. Another talked pleasantly to me of the country through which we passed, and of France in general. There were some pretty towns in the province of Champagne; but it was surprising to see vast tracts of land, where there was not a dwelling, owned by rich proprietors resident perhaps in Paris, at least during much of the year. When, after such lone scenes, Paris appears, first by pleasant shady suburbs, like outer petals with green calyxes, and then by fair streets, where marble palaces thickly cluster, interspersed with columns and statues, it is easy to call this city the flower of France, gathering its life and beauty largely into itself.

We each had our lunch with us; and all, except the American lady, were well provided with wine. At Paris there was "hurrying to and fro" about baggage; but at last I was seated in a carriage, riding through the rain to Neuilly, where, at the residence of Madame M., I was expected. The *Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile* was recognized at once from pictures seen before; only it is really more noble than its representations. Then we pass the Octroi, or town-due office, where toll must be paid by the coachman. Soon we were in a court-yard, before a door, and next came shelter, rest and kindness.

Madame M. is a member of the sect of Frères, or Brethren, known sometimes as Darbyists, from Lord Darby, who was a leader among them. The children of the Madame were interesting and intelligent. There was in her household an Irish gentleman of remarkable piety, who was a mute, a member also of the Frères, and ambitious of spreading abroad a knowledge of the Gospel. It was to me a novel idea, that of teaching his *sign-language* to barbarians in lieu of learning their tongues; but he held this theory in regard to mission-work. Of course the sign-language is the same for all nations. I had not been long in the house of Madame M., when I was puzzled at hearing often outside of my door a very high-toned and peculiar voice. The thought occurred that there might be some member of the household, to whom I had not been introduced, who labored under some infirmity. At length the

mystery was solved. One of the Madame's servants was also a mute, but had learned to vocalize. Though unable to modulate her tones euphoniously, she could comprehend the conversation of others, and make herself understood by speech; thus proving the utility of the method by which she had been taught.

I worshipped one Sunday with the Frères. They have no salaried ministry; but on this occasion were much delighted to have a visit from Mr. Howe, of England, a reviser of Lord Darby's translation of the Bible, and a talented expounder of its truths. From his discourse I gathered such thoughts as these: "The Saviour not only entered heaven at His ascension, but traversed its courts, and took His place at the right hand of God the Father. He promised to His disciples not simply a place in heaven, but in His Father's house with Him. If they are to enjoy a place with Him in heaven, what is their place below? It is His place."

The Frères look constantly for the coming of Christ to earth again. They partook of the communion, each breaking for himself a piece of bread from the loaf. No invitation was extended to the stranger present to share, nor did the stranger feel in the least disturbed by such "close" adherence to their own idea of order, believing that in religious observances conscience comes before compliments. Yet "the word of God is not bound;" and there could come to all sacred thoughts, as we sat together in a quiet room, with green trees waving just outside the open windows. And this was in Paris—the gay, worldly, fickle, but splendid, city! What quiet corners the Lord can make in every place for His own!

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### REFRESHING CLUSTERS HERE AND THERE.

My first excursion into the centre of Paris was to the banking house of Hottinguer & Co., and gave a little insight into the rules of Paris tramways. From stations located at various points of a grand circle around the Arc de Triomphe lines diverge toward all points of Paris and the suburbs beyond the fortifications that are close at hand. On a crowded route it is necessary to take one of the numbered tickets found on the counter in the station-office, and when the car waits before it, and the conductor calls out the number held, respond at once, and enter the car.

Over-crowding is not allowed. If a passenger wishes to go on a route beyond and adjoining that of the car first taken, a "correspondence" ticket is given, to be presented on the second tramway. This ticket entitles to the second route, so that riding is very cheap at Paris. It can be especially so, if one takes a place on the roof of the car, where there are comfortable seats. To go

beyond the fortifications of Paris, as at Neuilly, the fare is a little increased. No one stands inside a Paris street car. No matter what the weather, all who stand must occupy the outside platforms. To avoid doing so in the rain, I waited at a station one evening on returning from a city excursion until rather late, and, taking by mistake a car going back into Paris for one going toward Neuilly, was obliged to descend in the midst of one of the great thoroughfares, quite in alarm at this extraordinary position. Seeing the lights of a pharmacy, I entered and asked advice of the gentleman in attendance. He went out on the sidewalk, and, pointing to a street car, told me I had better climb to its top and take a seat vacated by a passenger who was just alighting. I did so, thus making my *début* on the upper "boards" of a tramway on a stormy night. As I sat there, trying to shield myself from the damp wind by my shawl, a fellow-passenger attempted a civil conversation on the weather. Finding he had addressed a foreigner, who did not claim to represent England, his curiosity seemed aroused, yet he managed with French politeness to introduce an amusing compliment before relapsing into silence. He appeared like an artisan returning from his daily toil, and soon descended the steep little stairs of the cars, bidding me good-night as he departed. What strange little gleams of amusement will often play across our most perplexed moods?

My hostess, Madame M., being of Swiss birth, did not adhere very closely to Parisian ideas and customs. Indeed, she seldom went out of Neuilly, and evidently either gave me credit for sagacity, or else had a slight idea of the difficulties in first finding my way about Paris.

Understanding her to propose a visit to the Louvre with herself, I accompanied her very gayly, taking a tramway through the bright Champs Elysées and the Place de la Concorde, which I knew at once, with its imposing array of architectural triumphs. Here where the impress of modern change has scarcely hardened into historic firmness, one of Egypt's coveted "needles" stands out alone, conspicuous in its quaint antiquity, like some old heirloom brought from a forsaken garret to adorn a Fifth Avenue parlor, because it has become the "style" to have it there.

Arrived in the crowded Rue Rivoli, to my surprise, Madame prepared to leave me, supposing I could easily find the Louvre alone. I soon reached the great edifice placarded "Hôtel" and "Magasin" du Louvre. The Magasin du Louvre is one of the most magnificent stores of Paris, excelling in its displays of feminine costumes. But large purses are in demand there. It is said that Parisian ladies know how to attire themselves in taste and elegance at a moderate expense. But strangers sometime find prices quite high, as when a Parisian dressmaker offered to make me a dinner dress, without train, of silk and cashmere, for something like $320. It is true the front breadth was brocaded with flowers, and the effect quite handsome. But I was not tempted.

Across the street from the Louvre store, or collection of stores, I found the Louvre palace.

The immense galleries of this edifice are free to the public. They are built around an open square, where children play beside their nurses, and visitors saunter to and fro, passing in and out of the great open passages through each of the four sides. During the Siege of Paris the windows of the Louvre were barricaded with bags of sand, and some of its most valued treasures stored underground.

The paintings occupy the second stories, while the lower galleries are crowded with sculptures and antiquities.

Here one can walk in still halls surrounded with the treasures of old Phœnicia, or the spoils of the Assyrian Empire, gathered like stranded relics after their famous civilizations had sunk down wrecked and engulfed by the waves of desolation. Yet these relics are full of import to nations now in power; full of testimony to the truth of sacred records, the word of Him who "shook the kingdoms," who "stained the pride of 'Tyre the crowning city,'" and said to the daughter of Zidon, "Thou shalt no more rejoice." Here, too, one can sit down amid sarcophagi, grotesque statues, and great crouching sphynxes, all in stone, and dream how the quenchless desire for immortality in the Egyptian soul is made manifest by the mute yet strong witness of the engraven and symbolic rock.

During my second visit to the Louvre, I found my way to an upper story, where was an apartment containing illustrations in bas-relief and painting of the Suez Canal, and the way in which its completion was celebrated. But the most of my time was spent among the paintings on the second floors. Here were artists, young and aged, copying the originals of celebrated painters so nicely that one could almost wonder in what the copies are inferior. Oh, the Madonnas, showing such variety of conceptions emanating from the same general idea! Here are feasts on feasts that the wearying powers cannot digest in the few hours usually devoted to them. How can one appreciate a tithe of this beauty spread out on canvas by the mile! Grand paintings, rich mosaics and superb frescoes blend at length into a bewildering conglomeration, and one is glad to rest from that to which aspiration had long been turning. I passed through the Gallery of Bologne quite hurriedly, but lingered for some time in the Salle Carrée, where I contemplated especially the "Assumption," by Murillo, and a gorgeous representation of the marriage feast at Cana, that hangs opposite to it. The painter of this feast has depicted the scene as one of great brilliance and luxury.

It seems that there is a peculiar softness of coloring and purity of expression in the figures by Murillo; and, as one who is unskilled and inexperienced in art may simply state an impression, I venture the thought that while many artists may be exact and yet noble in execution, Murillo excelled also in blending his

touches, so that they melt into each other, until the effect is like that which is produced by the natural development of beauteous life. His pictures of the Saviour and John the Baptist as boys are most beautiful.

To go from the Louvre to the Church of Notre Dame was to leave little capacity for the appreciation of the latter, save as a place, where, before a few candles lighting the solemn grandeur of the interior, I could rest awhile undisturbed. The pageantry of royal processions had glowed within those walls; tumult and cruel insurrection had surged around them.

But now all was still, and as the day declined a few souls stole there to kneel, sensible of a need that in itself is a proof that there exists an answering Power to supply; of a yearning that is really a sign of corresponding sympathy—according to the simple testimony of reason—and yet how wantonly has reason been misconstrued and caricatured in that vicinity. But the darkness has passed somewhat, we trust, and the "true light" begins to shine. After a short stay in the church, I walked in a neighboring street, and before returning to Neuilly took a luncheon of grapes. This caused my weary eyes to be "enlightened," as were those of Jonathan, Saul's son, by tasting the honey; as I had that morning been reading.

I had the pleasure of meeting a pleasant circle of Frères and other Christians at Madame M.'s. One evening Mr. Lowe, the preacher of the previous Sunday, dined with us, and afterward conducted a Bible study in the parlor, his subject being the eleventh chapter of Genesis. He spoke of Abraham's faith, and God's method of giving grace, according to Himself, and not according to men's ideas of what the character of the recipent indicates. Mr. Lowe approaches the Scriptures with marked reverence, and deprecates mere human speculation concerning that of which they teach.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### "THE HOUSE OF MY MASTER'S BRETHREN."

One is not apt to live much in the world of books when travelling; nor would this be an economical use of opportunities. But a book now and then is a pleasant rest from sight-seeing. I read at Paris the famous dramatic poem of the "Cid," by Pierre Corneille. It abounds in maxims and motives appropriate to a civilization tinged by barbarism, and, though fascinating in its powerful interest, would be a savage tale if stripped of its rythmic beauty and choice expressions. Before reading it, I had but lately finished a perusal in snatches of Mr. Black's "Princess of Thule," where we have no pictures of carnage or contention; but where in a

material setting of earth and sea and sky is painted heart conflict and triumph, the light and shadow of peace and sorrow playing among human experiences, like sunshine and cloud-shade about the coast of the Hebrides. Mr. Black is a great word painter of marine views, and a good delineator of passion and sentiment.

Yet can he ever attain the purest flights of fancy, or minister to his age the noblest lessons, while in his scenes whiskey and nicotian fumes nullify each savor of wildwood plant, and each delicate aroma of sea billows borne shoreward by pure Atlantic zephyrs?

One day I enjoyed with Madame M. a delightful ride past the Trocadero, a palace finely located, and containing treasures accessible to the public view, and passed grounds where graceful statues gleamed like white sylphs in green vistas, while evening lights began to shine among the trees of the "Elysian fields." We were that evening received as guests at the tasteful home of two Irish ladies. After dinner, at which Mr. Lowe and several other Frères were present, we took bibles and listened to his exposition of the fourth, fifth and sixth chapters of Leviticus. He explained the difference between the single idea conveyed by the word transgression, and that of *wilful sin*, for which the Law made no provision. Some of his leading thoughts, as nearly as retained, were these: In chapter four, degrees of personal position or rank are noticed; in chapter five, degrees of ability, as regards means. The meat offering described in chapter six is a bloodless rite; and so an exception to the offerings among which it is mentioned. Yet *fire*, which symbolizes judgment, is always required. Fine flour represents Christ's perfection of humanity. Salt, typical of grace, must ever accompany the sacrifices. In chapter five we see that though a soul may have transgressed ignorantly, yet he is reckoned guilty, unless atonement is made. And thus, in the Epistle to the Romans, we find that the Law, however broken, must be respected by amends. In Hebrews we learn of Sanctification, which has respect to the soul for which atonement has been made; in Ephesians we are led on in the contemplation of the marvellous loving-kindness and holy favor, which crowns the believer through Him, by whom he has received forgiveness of sin. By this devout study of truth, the social enjoyments of the time were not lessened; but the occasion was lifted up to become in memory like one of those headlands, whose beacon light shines far out over stormy waves to cheer and guide, long after the voyager has sailed beyond it.

I formed a pleasant acquaintance with Madame Lepoids, whose husband was then pastor of the Baptist Church of Paris, and her daughters. The church numbered about one hundred and thirty-seven members, whose homes were scattered and whose means were small. But there were four theological students among them, who did evangelical work about the city, or in connection with the McCall Mission. On the second Sunday of my stay I attended the services at the Baptist Church in Rue de Lille. Pastor Lepoids was absent; but another minister preached a

heart-searching discourse on the danger of cherishing "evil thoughts," which are fountains of all wrong-doing. It was communion-day; and "in the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delighted my soul." Is Christ risen? Then He will fulfill His plan concerning the "kingdoms of this world;" then they who "sleep in Jesus" are with Him; then "we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." How much the doctrine of the Resurrection involves! How significant even is the great symbol rite, that sets it forth before men of all languages in a way to be understood by them, whether on the banks of the Nile, the Ganges, the Seine, or the Mississippi.

After the services, there was a time of kind greetings, in which I had a good share. Then Mademoiselle M. Lepoids walked out with me to attend a McCall Mission meeting at the station at No. 404 Rue St. Honoré. Crossing a bridge of the Seine, near Rue de Lille, we loitered by the way among the blooming parterres of the public grounds, as it was early. Thus we had an opportunity to talk of various things, among them of the work of an English lady in establishing a home for working-girls at Paris.

The attendants at the services in Rue St. Honoré were mostly well-dressed, attentive people, who seemed to have been there often before; but probably at the newer stations, and those in less attractive quarters, the scene would have been different. Mr. McCall conducted the exercises. One would not have selected him, from his appearance, as the prime mover in the great and spreading mission enterprise that bears his name. He looks like a staid conservative clergyman, who would be content to do a faithful life-work in his own parish in England or America. He is tall and spare, with thin gray locks. His wife is rosy and fair; full of life and *music*, judging from the animated way in which she played the organ. There were direct, earnest addresses from Mr. Saillens, a pleasant-faced, dark-haired man of about thirty, and others, who called on those present to make life's grand decision. At last an English gentleman spoke at some length, Mr. Saillens translating, with remarkable fidelity and grace, his very long sentences. The English brother's remarks were warm and good; but if he had shortened his sentences it might not have taxed the brain so much to have interpreted them. He had doubtless never translated for another in public.

At the close, I started with Miss Rostan, a lady whom I had met before, to find a railway car near the Madeleine. We had hard work to cross the streets, now crowded with equipages returning from pleasure-drives, and entered by mistake a car going to the wrong Porte, or city gate, at least for me. The error was not discovered until Miss Rostan had left the tramway for her home, and I was threading my way in darkness in a suburban street. A lady who was passing with a gentleman kindly undertook to assist me, and I was soon on another car. But this, alas, proved wrong, and I was obliged in much distress of mind to

start on foot in search of the Avenue de Neuilly through quite a lonely quarter. I was very glad to encounter a lady going the same way, who allowed me to go with her as far as her destination, and even offered cordially to go farther. Through her assistance, and a little farther help, I reached the home of Madame M. as the family were at dinner, having had, as a gentleman present remarked, after learning my adventures, "assez de promenades" —enough of promenading—for that day. And yet that day had crowned with realization one great desire of my heart—to see for myself something of God's wonderful revival work in France. So our life attainments are mixed with difficulties, and reached often through fears and dangers.

I learned from a guest of Madame M., that there is still in mission work at Paris a great lack of men who know how to adapt their words to the comprehension of the class who have never before heard phrases so common in prayer-meetings, and who often wonder what is meant by the language addressed to them. Personal labor for uninstructed souls requires simplicity, patience, and self-forgetfulness. It requires consecrated *tact* everywhere. I was told of great readiness to receive religious teaching among the sailors at Havre, in country places, and among the laboring classes at Paris; yet laborers were few. "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I, the Lord, will hear them," is an encouraging promise.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

DESOLATE PALACES AND CROWDED BENCHES. DEAD KINGS AND LIVING CHILDREN.

"I LOVE to go into the Madeleine and say my prayers," said a very lively young girl to me one day. She had little reverence for sacred things, judging from the rash words she sometimes spoke; and yet in this great church, that spreads its stately colonnades like sheltering pinions at the meeting of ways in the heart of Paris, she felt her heart grow restful, as she whispered the sacred words learned in childhood. I waited awhile in its courts one lonely day, but not as those who knelt before its pallid images, as though there were help in them for the "pathos of human life."

From the Madeleine, I went to call on an American lady, in Rue Louis le Grand. Before reaching the place sought for, I discovered that a certain street number stood for several entrances; while one entrance might lead to quite a series of residences on flats. So there was a complication of little difficulties in the way before I ascertained that the lady sought had left Paris. As I went out into the streets again, I felt in a mood just suited to throw into bright relief the name of the Cunard Steamship Line

from Liverpool to America, that was painted in large letters on the windows of an office close at hand. I grasped the handle of the door, and very soon after had received the refusal of a state-room on one of their steamers.

This was like nearing "my own native land." I could now, at leisure, and with a lighter heart, saunter before the gay windows of the Boulevard, and survey the brilliancies of Paris streets, with the dignity of a woman whose "local habitation" seemed like a reality—a woman with a country! If to have a country and a home is cheering to a traveller while still in distance, how much more cheering is the consciousness that in all life's wanderings one is not a *waif;* but a citizen of a "city that hath foundations," a dwelling place yet to be possessed, and growing more and more a reality, as the scenes of time change and dissolve about us?

What has cold negative unbelief to substitute for this "hope which is as an anchor to the soul?" It is such a mistake to speak of unbelief as an entity, a possession. It is void, it is poverty, it is darkness, it is the absence of hope. But *trust* is in itself a joy, a possession, a support, a present rest, to say nothing of it being, as we believe, the earnest of "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven."

We had much cold, rainy weather during those October days at Paris. On one of these, I went out to lunch by invitation, with Miss Rostan, formerly a well-known instructress of young ladies in New York City, but a native of France, and at present conducting a very pleasant kind of Home for Americans visiting Paris, at No. 37 Rue Galilée, Champs Élysées.

Very pleasant was the bright fire in her little study, as I sat talking with her friend Mlle. K., or listened to herself, while she unfolded her cherished scheme to found an endowed institution for retired American teachers, in order to afford them rest and independence in declining years. The loss of a considerable personal fortune, and of such helpers as Horace Greeley and Admiral Farragut, who had once shown much interest in her plans, had been crushing blows to her hopes; yet she had not relinquished her noble expectation to do something to bless the older members of a profession she had herself been permitted to adorn.

On a bright day I started for Cook's Tourist office, to join one of his parties going to Versailles. His coach had already started; but, after buying a ticket to London, I took the steam railway for Versailles. This afforded fine views of Parisian suburbs. By taking a carriage at the Versailles station, I reached the Grand Trianon in time to join the Cook party just as they were about to enter the palace. We went through apartment after apartment once familiar to Louis XIV., Madame Maintenon, Napoleon I. and Josephine, and so many well-known personages of history. We then went to gaze on the magnificent gilded chariots of state, in which the Napoleons had sat when at the zenith of their power and pride. We saw the carriage that had borne Josephine away after her divorce; as well

as those from which she had looked forth in her deceitful prosperity. I thought of Eugénie's heights and depths of experience, and of how much heart-sorrow and disappointment it had cost to have once looked triumphantly from behind those golden and embroidered panels; and did not envy monarchs. At the high, paved court fronting the grand Palace of Versailles we paused, where the treasures of an oppressed people had been recklessly poured forth at the shrine of royal extravagance, and looked toward the balcony, where Louis XVI. had shown his young son, the Dauphin, to the raging populace, thus vainly hoping to appease their wrath. Within the palace we saw the little door by which Marie Antoinette passed to a stair-case in the time of terror, when even her faithful Swiss guards were shot down around her.

One of the chambers of this palace was fitted up for Queen Victoria in 1846. She did not, however, occupy it. The whole palace abounds in works of art, and one passes through hall after hall, each seeming a great gallery of paintings or sculpture, yet having over all such a spell of association with souls departed that one almost feels as if their shades were hovering about the places that once "knew them" in life. One of the pictures that most attracted my notice, was that of the Coronation of Josephine in Notre Dame; another was a scene from the retreat of Napoleon's army from Moscow. The shadows of night enhance the dreariness of the picture, where the sick and dying are crouching in the snow of the desolate Russian winter. The many, many representations of war and daring witness to the seas of blood through which France has waded to her present position, which, after all, may have in it too many elements of suspense and agitation to be quite restful to her statesmen. Among these it does not appear that she has a single masterly soul, such as Germany boasts in Bismarck, who is naturally no favorite with the French, whom he has helped to subdue outwardly. If one such ever arises, it is to be hoped he will not be an ambitious man. It is a question if his absence is not a blessing to this nation, sorely wounded in pride, and ever ready to spring into action. The faces of her dead kings and leaders look solemnly down, from canvas and stony pedestal in her untenanted palace halls, like monitors, who, could they speak, would warn France to shun in future the fatal errors of the past.

And yet, standing at the upper windows of the great royal ball-room at Versailles, looking down its glittering vista within, and then forth on its fair gardens of many fountains, where beauty, fragrance, and melody were environed and defended by martial displays dazzling to surrounding courts, it was not hard to believe that men could be deceived, and bewildered by the glory and pomp of kingly power. Still, when we had left those marble walls behind us, and were talking of the cost that royal empire had been to the poor of France in olden days, it did not seem strange that there had been anarchy and revolution among them.

On our return to the city we visited the Museum at Sèvres, admiring much the copies of paintings from the Louvre in porcelain. As we rode into Paris, the glow of a bright sunset was still in the west, though the evening lights had begun to glitter among the grounds along the banks of the Seine. As we passed the Trocadero, the enchanting pictures spread on either side were a fitting *finale* to the panorama of the day. The next afternoon I had a rapid glance at the Hôtel des Invalides, and visited the celebrated "Bon Marché"—a store somewhat on the plan of Macy's in New York, and thronged like that. It has a reading-room, where visitors can sit and write letters, if they wish. A light lunch is served to all who wish it, gratuitously, I believe.

My last Paris excursion was to the mission school of Madame Lemaire, in Rue de Vanves, No. 49. It was a long way from Neuilly, and past the vicinity of the Luxembourg Palace. The schoolroom was off the street, its glass doors opening on a little garden. Nearly eighty young children were gathered in a room far too small. They had been learning to sew, both boys and girls. A gentleman was telling them a story, with forbearance for its moral. Then they sang very prettily, and were dismissed, after receiving cards and papers, which seemed most welcome. Much similar work could be done in Paris if Protestants were willing to undertake it; and if supplemented by orphanages and dispensaries would promise great results for good. If wisdom and knowledge are in the hearts of children, we may hope for the "stability of the times" to come.

I returned toward Neuilly by the steam railway line, which encircles Paris, and by which a good general idea of its environs may be gained.

That night, my last in Paris, a scene of that day rose vividly to mind before I slept. It was the vision of a little boy, with a pallid face, and that high-shouldered appearance that betokens incipient distortion. He had been brought into a stage where I was sitting by a woman who appeared to be his mother, or grandmother. She looked careworn, and coughed at times. The boy's back was toward me, but a sight I caught of his face, which was interesting and intelligent, went straight to my heart. As we passed the Louvre, with its parterres of blooming flowers, the little fellow stretched out his thin arm, and, pointing as if to call attention to the flowers, said something in a sweet silver tone of pleasure. I had longed to speak to him, or his friend, but they soon descended from the stage, leaving me to recall them in the night season, and often since then, with a strange mysterious tenderness. I have come to set him in remembrance and imagination as a representative child, his finger pointing to beauty, and his plaintive voice expressing joy, according to the sensitive, beauty-loving French nature; while his pathetic little figure suggests the painful distortion of soul imminent to the little ones of Europe's central nation, and the world's metropolis, unless the

Gospel of the grace of God is given to nourish them early. May the Good Shepherd gather in His arms the little children of France, and lead her people, scarred by many conflicts, and shaken by many tumults, into the green pastures and beside the still waters of the Elysian Fields of His Peace!

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### AMONG "FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME."

After a kind parting from Paris friends, and a quiet, pleasant journey to Calais, I was favored with a calm passage across the English Channel. At Dover I was assigned to a compartment by myself, in a long train that waited at the station until I had eaten my lunch, in the restful way of those who have secured good seats, and checked their baggage in ample season. Just before starting, however, there sprang into my thoughts the goading idea, that, even if a person has registered baggage at Paris for London, they may have to see it inspected personally when on the borders of Britain. Knocking against the locked door, I attracted the notice of a guard, who let me out in a hurry, ran with me to the Custom Office, and, when my trunk was passed through, saw it in rapid style transported to the train, whose engine was already, as it were, on tip-toe with impatience to be gone. Running behind your trunk the length of a waiting train lacks the dignity of an Olympic race, but in my case the goal was reached in very good time. A person runs better after a long, deliberate rest.

I was soon speeding on to London by moonlight, meditating and watching the landscape, with its twinkling cottage windows growing more and more numerous as we came nearer the great city. It was like having the world all to one's self, drawn on by invisible powers along its surface. But at last came glimpses of long, lighted streets; we were on the great viaduct. We were at the station, and the mazes of London were below and around us. I was part of its life, and realized my relations to cabman, porter, official, and even the various gentlemen who attended my carriage as it turned out of the Strand, and who were eager, for a penny or two, to open its door, grasp my effects, and ring the bell at my old friend Mrs. B.'s, where they awaited my coming, and where I seemed among old acquaintances. Especially was this so, as I found several of her boarders, whom I met there before, had come back again, like myself, for a short stay.

The next day found me at famous Paternoster Row, or searching among the stores of St. Paul's Church-yard, or gazing into Strand windows. Sunday morning a coach, starting from Charing Cross, took me near the Tabernacle, where the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon preaches weekly to rapt thousands. I was not very early, but on

ascending to the second gallery I was ushered to a good seat. It is not necessary to be near the preacher in order to hear, or to be learned in order to understand him. His voice is clear, and his language and illustrations so plain that children can comprehend him. He prayed as one who draws near with a hungry heart, dependent and expectant of blessing. His comments and sermon were very practical. The text was Mark ix. 23: "Jesus said unto him, if thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth," from which the preacher inferred that we also must expect blessings proportioned to our faith. He believed that faith is not easily understood, because of its very simplicity; and therefore, if in *every* sermon and every tract it were explained, it could scarcely be too much described. He labored most faithfully to make the way of salvation through faith clear to all who were present; and evidently aimed for present results on hearts and consciences. One of his illustrations was of a thirsty child, to whom a mug is given, that he may go to the near spring and help himself to water freely. The child may say, "This mug is not clean; so I cannot use it." This is the way of a man who looks at his faith, and questions if it is pure enough to save him. The child might say, "I cannot take this mug to the spring; for my finger is not clean." He should run to the spring and hold the mug or finger under the water, if either need cleansing. But he should not do without the water.

Faith may be trembling; but if it can only grasp Christ, in whom is salvation, it will do. Just as a palsied hand may rest on a strong arm and be supported.

It is pleasant to see crowds attracted to hear the simple Gospel from this preacher's lips. For many years various "winds of doctrine" have beat about his ears; bright intellects have blazed from pulpits abroad and near; many chances have arisen to use other weapons than the Sword of the Spirit, and to display his great native wit in meeting human philosophies with their like; but Mr. Spurgeon, thus far, stands firm to his great theme—Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. May his star never set amid the shades of pride and vain speculations! Would that many another man might learn from his example what power is in the simplicity that is in Christ!

This congregation sang harmoniously and grandly, led by a precentor, without choir or organ.

At evening I went with Mrs. B. and others to St. Clement Dane's Episcopal Church. The old edifice in its interior seemed to me very complete and harmonious in design and finish. In one of the galleries "Rare Ben. Jonson" used to have his pew. I was interested in the sermon on Daniel's fidelity to principle. One part of it surprised me, however—where the preacher described the imposing manner of worship in Heaven, and argued thence that we ought to have the externals of worship rich and costly here on earth. The music was fine; there being a choir of sweet-voiced boys.

Monday was a fatiguing day, largely devoted to business. Among places sought out was the banking house of Brown, Shipley & Co., at Founders Court, Lothbury. I found it not far from the Bank of England, and in the neighborhood of many noble and interesting edifices suggestive of England's power and prosperity.

Among the excursions of the week was one with Mrs. B. to Bunhill Fields, where we saw the tombstones of John Bunyan, Mrs. Susanna Wesley, Daniel DeFoe, and Dr. Isaac Watts, among many others. The day was unpleasant, and we did not linger long. Just opposite the cemetery is a chapel built by John Wesley; and near it the house in which he died.

I visited South Kensington with Mr. G., of Connecticut, who was much delighted with collections of shells and coral in the Hall of Natural History. From these exquisite specimens, especially the coral, one can judge that the palaces of Leviathan may be fashioned with wonderful beauty. The rarest shell in the collection is not as remarkable for its loveliness as many others. The hall contains a splendid store of birds. I visited the departments of mineralogy and botany. Afterward I went through the East Indian section of the Museum. Miss H., of Brooklyn, who, with her father, was residing temporarily in London, escorted me to the British Museum one morning. Of course we were detained a little time before the old autograph specimens, and we also gazed dutifully at many strange and antique things, among which were relics of departed kingdoms. But it will be much safer to depend on a catalogue, than to wait until Sola prepares a description, if one really wishes to know what the museum contains. After lunch at Miss H.'s lodgings, we went to Covent Garden Market and various places in that vicinity. On another day we visited the Parliament Houses, where I gazed with republican veneration on the *real throne* in the House of Lords. There is also a throne in the Queen's robing-room—a noble and much adorned apartment into which we were first ushered. The great gate, through which Victoria is supposed to pass, was never opened to receive her, save on one occasion, I was told. Miss H. said *she believed* the reason Her Majesty is so chary of her presence in London is the fear of assassination. Whenever the royal coach passes through the streets they are prepared for the occasion, and the coach is driven at great speed.

A Pilgrim embarkation scene, among other paintings of the Parliament halls, speaks volumes to the heart of an American. The hall of the House of Lords is not over spacious, though highly decorated. The golden canopy of the throne was covered; but the throne itself, with the chairs on either hand and the arms of the United Kingdoms were in plain view. Over the gallery, on the opposite side of the hall, is a grating of fine net-work, behind which ladies have to be imprisoned during the session of the House, if allowed to be present at all. They are remote from the speakers and invisible to them. When members of the House of

Commons enter the House of Lords on official business, they must stand behind a railing at the back side.

From the Parliament Building we went to Westminster Abbey, where my friend left me. I lingered there some time alone. Among the statues that especially riveted attention in the Abbey, are those of Isaac Newton and William Wilberforce. The face of Wilberforce is that of a man who looked solemnly on life and its transactions. A friend of the mother of Queen Victoria, his influence over her own life has no doubt been a pervading force, thus modifying and guiding her views and opinions in matters of state.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### A PEEP INTO CARLYLE'S WINDOWS, WITHIN THE DOORS OF EXETER HALL AND HARLEY HOUSE.

Good London views are gained by taking sails on little steamers that ply up and down the Thames, stopping at various piers. I took one at London Bridge on a windy day, bent on visiting the former home of Thomas Carlyle. The boat was not luxuriously fitted up, and its trick of bowing the smoke-stack, on passing the low bridges now and then, reminds one of the habit certain civilized animated beings have of smoking into the faces of those about them. I passed by Chelsea by mistake, and landing at Battersea Square, went up into the town, to be sent directly away again to the boat that was just starting back. I landed next at Chelsea pier, and found No. 5 Cheyne Walk, a pleasant house standing back from the street. Was it the house of Carlyle? Or was I in danger of "weeping at the wrong tombstone?" It was not the place, so I turned back, and entered a narrow park in which was a statue of Carlyle, the man who for many years swayed the minds of Englishmen as few have ever done. He is represented sitting on a chair in a thoughtful attitude, with many books about him.

A butcher, whose shop was near the park, directed me to the house I was seeking. It was on a street at right angles to Cheyne Walk, and called Cheyne Row, at what is now No. 24, formerly No. 5. The house was closed and for sale. It is a dark, gray, narrow dwelling, there being but one window at the side of the humble doorway. At the left side of the broad step before the door was an ample scraper, and in the door an opening to receive letters. The small area was enclosed with an iron railing that prevented my gathering any of the few withered leaves that had fluttered into it from some neighboring tree. As I stood before the ordinary home of an extraordinary man, I saw a young girl passing by, wheeling a child in a little wagon. I asked her if she recollected Mr. Carlyle; she said she well remembered him, as he had but lately died. Her father had worked for him. In reply to my question,

intended to draw out her impressions of the man, she said, he was "ra-ther 'arsh." She spoke of seeing him come out at times to enter a carriage for a ride, and said the statue in the park looked just like him. I wandered a little further down Cheyne Row, turned into a street at the right, and gazed back at the rear of the plain block of houses, with that peculiar fascination we have at the sight of the things once familiar to those who have thought and felt with depth and power. It is especially needful for such a soul as Carlyle's to find anchorage. So tossed, and drifting amid such heavy seas of care and doubt, let us hope it did find such anchorage "within the veil," where his faithful mother so long and earnestly commended his dependence. Did not his impatience in latter years grow strong against downright infidelity, and did he not consciously acknowledge then the worth of his mother's faith?

I took the bus back to Charing Cross, passing Hyde Park, and down through Piccadilly. Learning that there were to be Salvation Army meetings at Exeter Hall, I joined one afternoon the crowd, who, on paying a trifle at entering, were taking seats in the great auditorium. My heart was at once solemnized and uplifted. Music subdued and harmonious had already begun. Soon the other exercises were commenced. Prayer was offered, in which was a petition that the lives of the members of the Army might be consistent with their profession. General Booth presided over the meeting, during which, from time to time, hymns were sung with great animation, to fine accompaniments of stringed instruments, drums, etc. On the platform was a large company of reformed men in Army uniform. On one side of the platform were women in the plain dark array of their order, while some were scattered about among the other attendants at the hall. One of these behind me played a tambourine. I noticed a woman on the platform who played a violin with such enthusiasm, that she seemed dominated bodily by the music, as she swayed backward and forward with its measures. The wife of General Booth made a lengthy address, in which she examined various methods which had been proposed for the uplifting of the degraded classes, such as improved tenements, better education, etc. She would like all these benefits applied, she said, and yet she believed that all outward appliances would fail, where hearts are not reached and changed. The method of the Army was to strive for heart regeneration, believing that when hearts are made pure, men will make better surroundings for themselves and their families. Mrs. Booth said she had travelled many thousand miles in her work, even when rearing a young family. She was tired and longed for rest. Yet she meant still to war against the Devil. Her son sang one or two solos, the congregation joining in the choruses. Miss Booth, who had just been released from her imprisonment in Switzerland, spoke of having received many testimonials from those who had been led to new lives through the work of the Salvationists. She appeared to be a well educated lady. Her manners and looks were

as unaffected and refined as those of well-bred young ladies usually, at least they so appeared to me.

There were one or two other speakers. I was very sorry to see a disposition in some to answer opposers with great excitement of manner. If a work is of God, it will prevail, and why not conserve force in every religious undertaking, in order to concentrate it against evil, rather than against those who are of different opinions.

Having seen deplorable evidences of the need for highway work in London, I was disposed to grasp the hope that these earnest people are adapting their means to needs too universally overlooked. Then, too, it may be that they meet a craving for excitement, which must be considered, not because it may seem to well-disciplined minds a necessity; but because it is a fact with a large class of human beings. To have been born amid confusion and wickedness, to have grown up without any high aspirations, amid vice and ignorance, and yet with all the powers and impulses of humanity; to have the low theatre and concert and dance as the goals for daily exertion, what a terrible condition! How little do the refined, the opulent, the cultured comprehend the state of those thus situated! How few among these last will concern themselves for those who live in such a different sphere! If any will pity these who sink amid such dark billows, and will man any life-boat to go after them, let the loungers on the shore at least beware of hindering.

In the National Gallery of Painting, I was perhaps most interested in two lovely works by Murillo, and in a picture quite in contrast to these, but very good in its way, a Dutch representation of an old woman peeling a pear in a kitchen. The Turner collection surprised me by the blurred appearance of the pictures, the artist not understanding the secret of producing durable coloring.

I heard Mr. Spurgeon preach on my second Sunday in London, this time a sermon relating to children, from the text I. Kings, xiv. 13, where, in reference to the young son of Jeroboam it is said, "In him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel." The preacher spoke of Jeroboam sending his wife in disguise to the prophet Ahijah to learn the fate of his sick boy, as showing how much more ready some people are to have their fortunes told than to have their faults shown to them. Jeroboam knew that should he openly consult Ahijah, that faithful man would reprove him for his gross wickedness. But the child's character shines conspicuously forth amid the darkness of his father's court. The record is not that he was a perfect child, or that he was greatly given to good works, or learned in the law above a child's usual capacity; it simply says there was found in him some good thing toward God. Let us then be contented to find some evidence in a child that he loves God, and not despair when he is not a mature Christian, and wholly sanctified. The germ of immortal life, if really in the soul, will expand. Older Christians should understand this and be patient toward young believers.

I attended a fine promenade concert at Covent Garden Theatre. The great space back of the stage was open to promenaders, refreshments being furnished there. The music was artistic. One of the songs most enthusiastically received was "The Village Blacksmith" by our own American poet. Remembering the advice of Miss W., at Lucerne, to hear Rev. H. Grattan Guinness when at London, I made inquiries in regard to the place of his labors, and at last succeeded in gaining the idea that he with his wife were very active in Christian work; that he would be found at Bow, in in the eastern part of London, at Harley House, where he gave afternoon lectures on missionary topics. Acting on these hints, I took an afternoon coach in the Strand, and riding out to Bow, was "set down" in a broad thoroughfare, before a house standing back from the sidewalk, and having on a post of its door-yard fence the inscription "Harley House." I had expected Harley House to be some large public edifice, in which were arrangements to give entertainments and discourses, as at Tremont Temple, Boston. Instead, it seemed like a residence, and I felt timid at approaching its entrance. A woman, however, was coming out of the side gate, and to my inquiry if meetings were held there, she suggested pleasantly that I could easily ask at the door. Thus encouraged, I resolved to do so, and was answered by a pleasant lady who was just taking leave of a visitor in the hall. I learned from her that there were no public lectures given at Harley House, the residence of Mr. Guinness; but in its rear were college buildings and grounds, in which students in training for mission work were instructed and cared for. She proposed showing me these premises so heartily, that I was soon with her gazing about the precincts of the "East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions."

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

A MAN OF GREAT PURPOSES.—THE HAUNTS OF COLERIDGE AND WHITTINGTON.—THE SCENE OF GILPIN'S RIDE.

Back of Harley House is a garden, with a greenhouse, a space for exercise and sport, and walks bordered with shrubbery. On the right hand the college halls and dormitories are ranged.

It was an hour of recess when I arrived; but we had only visited a room or two, when the students were called in, and after an introduction to a dark-skinned but bright-eyed Congo boy who was running about, we returned to the garden walks, and enjoyed a social talk on mission work. I spoke also of Mr. Guinness's writings on the prophecies, of which the lady seemed rather reluctant to speak herself, as fearing lest she should not exactly represent his true position. But she proposed rather to go and ask if he were

not at liberty to see me. Of course I did not presume to seek this; but though *she* said he was especially busy, she rather insisted. So she ran in the house and soon brought word that he could spare a few moments for me. Soon a tall, smiling gentleman, with a pleasant blue eye, hair slightly gray, and manner genial and kind, came bare-headed from the doorway and began walking up and down the garden walk at my side. We spoke of mission work, and he talked of his plan in conducting his institute. Students who show good evidence of conversion, and the ability and desire to do missionary work, are admitted to the East London Institute on his grounds at Bow, or to Hulme Cliff College in Derbyshire, where Mrs. Guinness was then spending a few days. If needing pecuniary aid, they are assisted in this respect. At the same time, they practise evangelical work in various parts of London, and receive a preparation to become either general or medical missionaries. At Hulme Cliff College students are trained more especially with a view to African missions, and gain a knowledge of practical agriculture and other useful arts. Two hundred missionaries had already gone forth during eight years; they were of twenty different nations, and were laboring among about thirty different peoples. The cost of these great enterprises was defrayed by voluntary contributions. Though Mr. Guinness is a Baptist, these schools are not denominational. I ventured to ask if he looked for the second coming of our Lord now, and referred to the opinion of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, that the heathen will be evangelized before that event takes place. He replied that he was a great admirer of Dr. Edwards, but thought his views of the prophecies would have been changed, had he lived in our time, when Papacy has fallen. Mr. Guinness decidedly expressed his present expectation of the second coming; while believing that the churches should hasten to set up a witness to the truth in every land. As I started to take leave, Mr. Guinness invited me to stop a moment in his study, where he held to my view some manuscript of a new work he was preparing for the press. He gave me a copy of his celebrated book called "The Approaching End of the Age," eighth edition. He expressed his surprise at its popularity. As I took leave, he said he had two children on the ocean at that time. He wished for me God's blessing and "journeying mercies." Since then, I have taken much satisfaction in reading the work he gave me, and think it a wonderful study of both prophecy and Providence. It is a book not lightly to be looked over, but to be considered carefully and conscientiously, by those who would discern the "signs of the times."

Mr. Guinness, with his gifted wife, have since visited America to speak in the interest of the "Livingston Inland Mission on the Congo, Africa," an enterprise in which they have been main factors, and which they have seen best to entrust to the American Baptist Missionary Union.

I returned from Bow highly pleased with the result of my long

ride. One gains a good idea of the extent of London by taking excursions of this kind in different directions. Mrs. B. invited me out to Highgate Hill one day. We passed Islington, where the wife of John Gilpin is supposed to have dined, while he was forced to dine at Ware. But "no turnpike gates wide open flew" for us, as all the roads were now free and times had changed "in famous London town." Mrs. B. pointed out to me the famous "Whittington Stone," where the youth who was to be Lord Mayor of London, heard the bells, as it were, ring out in speech to him. We passed the former house of Coleridge, the poet, in which Mrs. B. had once resided. It is a broad house, with an entrance in the middle of the front. It is apparently but one room deep. The surrounding locality is like that of some rural town in New England. Walking slowly on over the hill, down toward Kentish Town, we noticed an inn with a showy sign, and an inscription telling that opposite the place, Queen Victoria had once barely escaped injury by an accident while riding. Beyond this place are some pleasant residences surrounded by shaded grounds, and an extensive estate belonging to the Baroness Burdett Coutts. In this suburban part of London are found coach stations at inns of quaint and curious names, such as we find in Dickens's descriptions. We returned to London by coach. I noticed Whitefield's Chapel by the way.

Supposing that one must look in Paris rather than London, for the most tasty displays of dry goods, I was astonished to see how rich and pleasing were the specimens shown in London houses. It was said, however, that English trades people do not submit patiently to the American way of examining goods thoroughly when there may not be an intention of deciding upon them at once. I heard a jeweller in the Strand say that he could not endure the American way of shopping. A woman who kept a little store patronized by Mrs. B., told as a very absurd fact that Americans had not hesitated to say, "We are looking at goods to-day, and buying to-morrow!" Not having a great liking for shopping, I did not greatly test the patience of merchants, and usually found them kind and obliging in my limited experience. But time, tide, and Cunard steamers wait for no woman, and Sola must needs be gone from London, leaving many a feast of rich discovery untasted. Like the little child who, after spending a penny for candy, returned home saying she had left a great deal in the store, she departed, glad of all that had been enjoyed, and grateful for much gentle attention at the hands of London acquaintances, especially Mrs. B. On the last evening we passed together, we walked out on the bridge near her residence, and beneath the unchanging "lamps of heaven," gazed on the lights along the Thames, glittering on its bridges, quays, and vessels, and sparkling from the populous stories of the buildings upon the shores of its "dark flowing" tide. I shall long associate that scene in memory with Longfellow's poem beginning,

"I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower."

Mrs. B., who is a fine singer, rendered for me that song the same night, sitting at her piano. That poem has in it a soundless depth, our conception of its meaning being according to our own measures of sensibility and experience. It murmurs like a river, yet its voice swells to the tone of sea waves. It suggests the conflicts of earth, the triumph of him that overcometh, and the peace of eternity's rest.

In the early morning I rode to the Midland railway station, Mr. D., of Philadelphia, attending me, and very carefully choosing my place on the train and making the little arrangements necessary for the journey to Liverpool, before bidding me good-by. The Midland route goes through some wildly picturesque scenes, but heavy mists obscured the landscape at times. A craggy height, a gorge among the hills, then a tall chimney pouring out smoke, a glimpse of a manufacturing town, then thick vapors shutting in the views, such were the window pictures by the way. A few agreeable passengers, who engaged in general conversation, made the ride a little social. One gentleman, gathering my nationality from a remark or two, referred to the late civil war in the United States, and inquired if it was likely to be repeated. "The South fought well," he exclaimed. Then he added, as if questioning on which side my sympathies might have been, "They both fought well," a statement which none need question, if to wage warfare bravely, and with the opinion that the cause is good, is to fight well. On my arrival at Liverpool, there was still enough of daylight left for me to go down to the Cunard office to make arrangements for my ocean voyage. Wishing to search also for the trunk I had months before hurriedly entrusted to a man, I there made some inquiries which were overheard no doubt by a porter who had brought my steamer-chair from the Inman office. I had paid the man, and was out on the street corner in the evening darkness. He lingered to say in a low, respectful manner, that a certain omnibus would take me directly past the station I was seeking. I felt truly grateful for gallantry so genuine as well as delicate. The trunk was not to be traced out, but its loss did not mar my profound slumber that night, in a freshly fitted room of the new Eberle's Grand Hotel.

## THE SONG OF THE OCEAN STEAMSHIP.

By Sola.

Standing apart where the throbbing heart
Of the toiling Ship beat near my own,
As she wheeled her way o'er waters gray,
I heard her sigh in a plaintive tone,

Under her breathing heavy and hoarse—
"Plodding along on my tiresome course,
While neither the heavens nor waters shine,
But wrapped in vapors the winds repose,
I furrow this fruitless field of brine,
Like ploughman whose harvest never grows.
But when the eyes of the tempest glare
From midnight depths of his wintry lair,
And his roar peals through the welkin black,
I trembling spring on my rugged track;
Or crouch and cower where the breakers crash,
As over my frosted spars they dash.
I start and shiver, I dart and quiver,
Beaten and buffeted, rocked and jarred,
I quake and shudder, from stem to rudder—
Alas! the paths of the sea are hard."

The clouds rolled off with the morning's glow,
And sailors cheerily sang "Heave Yo!"
Spreading each sail to the south wind bland,
That harped on the ropes, like minstrel's hand.
The warm East flushed, and the fair sea blushed,
The Steamer over the bright waves rushed
Steady and strong,—and I caught her song
Soft and glad, as she bounded along:
"A ship is gayest of man-made things,
Give her but freedom to lift her wings.
Lightly she skips o'er the billows' tips,
While sparkling foam from her curved prow drips.
She speeds with grace on her shoreward race,
Like sea-bird seeking her resting-place.
She is gray and dull as fettered gull,
When they bind the sails that plume her hull;
But give to the toiling bark her wings,
And she is gayest of man-made things."

Speed well, fair vessel! and bear me home
To scenes delightful beyond the foam—
And speed free spirit! that lightly glides,
Buoyed by Hope's pinion, o'er Life's rough tides.
How weary the soul that plods through Time,
Nor spreads pure aims in the realm sublime,
Where upper currents of Promise sweep
Toward shores of refuge beyond that deep!
But give the spirit her heavenward wings,
And she is gladdest of living things.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

### HAIL COLUMBIA!

After spending the mid-day hours about the streets of Liverpool, I rode over to the pier where lay the tender waiting to conduct passengers to the Gallia, that was anchored far below. Taking my seat on the boat in good season to superintend a quarrel be-

tween some visitors and an officer, I tortured myself a little with the idea that a part of my baggage might really still be on shore, since I had not seen the porter place it among the rest. But I did not go back to see, though feeling as did the mother of Nicholas Nickleby on moving day, about a tea-kettle and an umbrella left behind in fancy. Then, too, I had no state-room secured as yet, having made a change in steamships while at London. A letter from the "Exchange" commending me to official care had not yet arrived—it came after we left Queenstown harbor. But an excellent room was at once given me, on presenting myself at the purser's office.

At nightfall the Gallia started. We passed the light-house tower while the skies were still tinted by the sunset. The city lights in two long lines on either shore, stood like the guards of a farewell escort, closely ranked at first, then fewer, until they were seen no more.

The sea spread open before us, the foreign shores faded; our ship was westward, yes, *homeward* bound. In spite of weariness and the effect of various cares, there stole like sunshine among clouds, a glow of enthusiasm over my mind, at the thought. There were pleasant scenes, there were kind hearts in that disappearing Old World; but I was going home! How would it be when the crossing toward Heaven is begun?

A few hours were passed in the harbor of Queenstown on the next day, which was Sunday. This town has a monotonous aspect from the sea. Houses rise tier above tier apparently, on the sloping shore, with little variety in their exterior, and there seem to be no superior public buildings among them. We weighed anchor at evening, as a storm was gathering. I stood awhile in a sheltered place watching the Irish coast and thinking of Ireland's warm-hearted exiles, her beloved and worthy evangelist Patricius—her present unhappy state. A large church stood out on one of the hills against the rainy sky. But most of the buildings along the smooth green shores were small one-storied cottages with roofs slanting down close to the doors. Discovering, as I thought, a partially destroyed edifice that might once have been a castle, I asked a sailor if it were not a ruin. "It was something they did not take quite away. Yes, it might have been a rooin," was his verdict. At length there were high lands with scarcely a dwelling to be seen upon them.

Exit Sola, to remain most of the days and nights until Thursday eve, a sea-sick prisoner in her state-room. This part of the programme was unexpected, but far from monotonous. Day after day, and night after night, the storm-waves tossed the ship. She would pitch and roll, climb and sink, shudder and throb, like some creature in great difficulty, struggling to overcome opposition and attain an end. Great billows would roll along her sides, sounding like cannon-balls; then some wave would give her a broadside, making her reel and stagger for an instant. One night there came a

sudden check to this tumult. The engine ceased to beat. There was a subdued noise of waters; yet we seemed to have entered some sea-valley strangely quiet. This was no port a thousand miles out in mid-ocean. Had the machinery broken? Suspense was painful, as the long narrow beam of faint light from the passage-way slanted lower and lower, and the pulse of the Gallia was still imperceptible.

I learned afterward, that it had been necessary to stop the engine, that the sailors might go forward and lower the sails. The waves had been too high for them to venture to do this while the ship was under full headway.

When the ship's heart beat once more, my own was calmer, and it was a relief to feel that she was yet strong to meet the combating waves, whose shocks were welcome now. That uncertainty which excites dread in the imagination is sometimes worse than an unwelcome position in which all is clear and well-defined; just as "open rebuke is better than secret love."

The visits of Miss R., the kind stewardess, were very welcome, as well as frequent, in my room. She knew just what to say, though, from her many patients, she had little time to say it in. She would bring very tempting dishes, that, when she had disappeared, I was obliged to stow in very secure corners to prevent their spilling; when to eat them would have been out of the question. If an article was not firmly placed, down it would come in a twinkling to the floor. Miss R. was on very good terms with the ship, which seldom interfered with her movements; while it would whisk my plate of toast under my berth, or cuff my head with the side of the berth above me in a malicious manner. I regretted not being able to witness the grand performances of the Gallia in the "Tempest," from an upper seat. It was not until Friday that I could look from the deck on the still sullen sea. By this time, I had found an agreeable circle of ladies in a little parlor, with whom to exchange thoughts. One of these had been thrown from her berth one night, during the storm. Several had thrilling experiences of past journeys to relate. One lady was a friend of Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik, and could tell us of her happy marriage, and say positively that she had most beautiful *hands*. On Sunday the Episcopal service was read, followed by a sermon on the "Forgiveness of Sins"—presented as a doctrine common to Catholic and Protestant creeds. We had now brighter skies.

In the afternoon Mrs. Dr. T. gave to another lady and myself, a most interesting account of the early religious experiences of herself and sisters, who were daughters of a minister of the Episcopal Church. At night I walked on the deck with an English lady, to see the moon and stars, and the waves with their phosphorescent gleams, sparkling in the wake of the vessel. Alone, back of the captain's deck-cabin, we sang part of a hymn—"Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear."

Madame Adelina Patti, with her companions, were among our

passengers. I heard her speak, as I thought with fondness, of her country-seat far from theatres and concert halls. She was heard to say that she always went on the stage with trepidation. She is naturally a pretty woman of the dark-eyed type, but so closely watched by the public that it would not be strange if she felt it impossible to act with naturalness at all times. "I saw her sitting with her hand in that of a lady, as though clinging, with the needs of a sensitive nature, for constant sympathy. Fame may be sweet to a woman, if earned and genuine; yet it must be true that it cannot fill her heart." The young lady who went over with friends on the same ship with myself to meet her bridegroom, the bishop of one of the Sandwich Islands, was now returning to the United States. The bishop was older than herself, his slightly gray locks being quite in contrast with her own dark auburn hair. I saw them in the saloon one day at their books. He was really studying, she looking now on her pages, probably a grammar of a Sandwich Island tongue, and then furtively at his face. Sola was not quite sure whether the bride were not a little out in the cold on her journey with her grave companion to a strange and far country. But on another day, the problem came out satisfactorily. It was all right. Scene: the deck of the Gallia. Bishop has finished the last page of the "Life of Luther." Bride is beside him knitting a stocking. She is, therefore, practical and well trained. They are talking confidentially; they laugh very heartily together. "Beware, indeed, of the man who never laughs," but the bishop is not that man. 'Tis well. They will set love's sweet lesson before eyes that look to them for guidance.

But with some others, all was not well. On a sea-voyage, many heart confidences are exchanged. Some of these came to the ears of Sola, showing how neglect and inconstancy often spring up where affection should bloom in beauty.

One day as our steamer was ploughing its way through the ocean, still hundreds of miles from land, a tiny bird fluttered, almost exhausted, to the deck.

Why did it venture alone on its wonderful journey? Was it allowed to come to the ship that it might be a teacher of great lessons there to any who would receive them? The mechanism of its frame, instinct with some mysterious purpose, which urged it perhaps a thousand miles through the trackless air, was a marvel full of meaning to the eye that would pause to see. There was in it, too, a hint that there are bold adventurers in a sphere whose delicate denizens are robed only in feathers. Less strange, perhaps, because less rare, were the exploits of the stormy petrels, while off the coasts they followed the ship, flying in graceful curves, with spreading wings, or folding their white pinions about them, and resting their pink feet upon a briny floor. A little boy, watching one of them from the deck, exclaimed: "I saw him spread out large, and then he closed himself up little."

There was a duck on board, the pet of a gentleman and wife who

had come from Brussels. Its plumage was very soft and beautiful, with changeable tints. It had a musical voice, with a slight variety of inflections of which it gave us a specimen as it thrust its open bill from the wooden cage. Its mistress said it knew a good deal. It would follow her husband to the door, when he left his home, and catching the sound of his returning steps, would run to welcome him at the threshold. It had distinct calls for food and drink. It was very affectionate also, and had refused food for three days when left once in the care of a stranger. This person had declined to keep it, when its owners came away, fearing it would die of grief in their absence.

One of the ship's passengers was a cultured gentleman fond of natural researches, who told an incident of one of his last attempts to take the life of birds, for which so-called sport he had once had a passion that continued long even after he had received an injury in hunting, that nearly cost his life. "I found," said he, "a quail sitting on her nest of sixteen chicks, among some bushes. As I caught her bright eye looking into mine, I knew she was about to play the fiction of the broken wing, which she did, fluttering down before me as if helpless or dying. But I was surprised to see her suddenly spring up and fly with all her force against me. My attention was thus cunningly distracted for an instant. When I cast my eye back on the nest, it was empty, every one of the cute little mother's precious young ones, as if sharing in her foresight, had hidden themselves entirely away. I had no longer the heart to take such lives, and decided that I could do without a dinner of quail that day. When asked lately by a friend who knew my rural pursuits, for a collection of eggs, I was obliged to decline securing them. In studying by observation, I have learned that each of the feathered tribes has its peculiar habits illustrating some interesting endowments. And becoming a Naturalist has entirely cured me of a desire to hunt for pleasure, though I was once called a 'good shot.'"

Thus when men get a true insight into the ways of animal life below them, with its attachments and alarms, its curious arts and wonderful capabilities, a new sphere of enjoyment and instruction is revealed. Thus cruelty toward defenceless creatures is educated out of the heart, and that gentleness fostered toward all animated life, which overflowed from the life of Him who said of sparrows, "not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father."

As we neared New York we became conscious that soft though strong govermental meshes were still binding us in such allegiance as is due from all human beings who enjoy society's protection and benefits—the health and custom officers came duly out to meet us. By the customs' agent, we were one by one questioned touching our possessions. Then all were free to go on deck and watch for one of the world's fairest scenes, the harbor of New York under a brilliant sky.

Blue were the heavens and bright,
Save where in gorgeous light,
Pearl clouds slow circled their majestic flight.

Like a triumphal arch the Brooklyn Bridge rose before us against the sky. We were at the gates of a "land of broad rivers and streams," "a land flowing with milk and honey," a dernier ressort to the despairing, a country over whose grand natural bulwarks the foot of the oppressor may not pass; at least so long as are therein maintained those surer defences, the Christian's day of worship and of rest, the sacredness of home relations, temperance, honesty, and reverence.

Among the many faces on the pier, was a dear one watching for Sola, the sight of which was more absorbing than the rest, a home face. But soon appeared our friend T. with a kind greeting and a will to aid in her affairs, especially in the discovery of a certain coffer, that after a long time devoted to *ordinary* trunks and boxes, was suddenly whisked out of the ship's hold as unceremoniously as though various weighty and valued associations did not attach to its modest store of contents.

And "Heliotrope," too, stood near, having brought with her a fresh offering of flowers, witnesses under all skies, of Him whom if one trust, "mercy shall compass him about."

## MUSINGS.

WHERE brown Potomac's shore is crowned
By Vernon's pillared mansion,
In many hallowed rooms abound
Choice relics of a time renowned
For Liberty's expansion;
Yet few among those hoarded things
Unlock such deep imaginings,
As the old Bastile's dingy key,
Trophy of vanquished Tyranny.

We see it hanging on the wall,
Then up a stair-case clamber;
And through a doorway of the hall,
Gaze reverently, as we recall,
"This was the donor's chamber,
When Lafayette was Vernon's guest,
Friend of our cause, through costliest test;"—
Ah! seldom two such souls were met,
As Washington and Lafayette.

Grim Bastile's key! the Kohinoor,
Britain's unrivalled jewel,
Had been an offering more poor
Than this, which proves an open door,
From bondage vile and cruel.
How Europe has grown glad, to-day
Let Spain's uncovered dungeons say.
While Rome's dismantled ruins show
The hateful mirth of long ago.

Witness the stones of London Tower,
What moans and bitter shrieking,
They heard in many an evil hour,
When on th' oppressor's side was power;
Witness its pave once reeking
With guiltless gore; and witness well
Its thumb-screw, rack, and tomb-like cell,
How England has emerged from gloom
Sunward, where yet is broader room.

Witness the arched and moated keep,
Of Chillon poet-chanted;
What victims sank in "oubliettes" deep,
Or what lone captives used to weep,
And deem their prayers ungranted,
Though now men build on what they wrought,
And garner from their mournful thought,
Fruits that may not reveal their sowing,
Till the great Judgment's blaze is glowing.

Still waits that Day; yet times are rife
With the soft arts of pity,
The Red Cross banner 'mid the strife
Of kingdoms waves o'er mangled life,
Sped from Geneva's city,
Where lately—fair be her renown!
An embassy of peace laid down
The swords of nations—precedent
And sign of merciful portent.

Our young Republic of the West,
Mocks at the bands now pressing
On older realms, and in the zest,
Of power and wealth but new possessed,
Grows careless of her blessing;
Forgetting that with exercise
True valor lives, without it dies,
And never yet was land too strong,
To guard the right and fear the wrong.

Soft skies need heroes, oft, as brave
As storms demand, nor less unswerving,
Small boon to us our fathers gave,
If with our heritage we have
No scope to prove deserving;
'Tis the soul's triumph to believe,
'Tis the hand's honor to achieve;
Let States the dreamy age beware,
Unblest by purpose, zeal, or care.

# WAYMARKS

OR

# SOLA IN EUROPE

BY

JOSEPHINE TYLER

FIRST OUTLAW—"Whence came you?"
THIRD OUTLAW—"Have you long sojourned there?"
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*

BRENTANO BROTHERS

CHICAGO NEW YORK WASHINGTON

1885